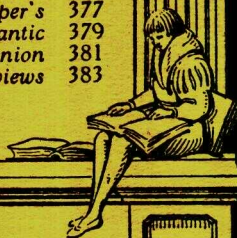


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No. 66

OCTOBER, NINETEEN TWENTY-SEVEN

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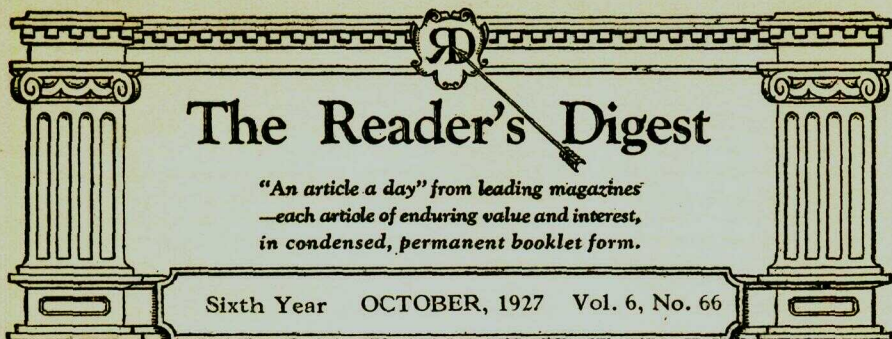
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The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
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Men and Women

Condensed from The American Magazine (September, '27)

Will Durant

BERNARD SHAW invited by Count Keyserling to contribute an essay to *The Book of Marriage* refused, saying, "No man dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives." Nevertheless—

1. The literature of this subject is the most interesting and the most unreliable in the world. It is unreliable because it is autobiographical; and all autobiography is fiction. It is frequently the voice of revenge; only defeated warriors contribute to it; and when a man writes a book about women it is his wounds that speak. Much more interesting than the essays which Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Weininger, and other jilted men have written about women would be a candid analysis of men by women. For women understand and manipulate human nature much more intelligently than the hesitantly intellectual male. But women are too clever to reveal themselves in literature; they are content to have realized Job's wish: that their enemy might write a book . . .

Let us, however, divide human nature (conveniently but artificially) into the basic instincts, and ask in each case how

men and women differ. And let us begin with the racial or reproductive instincts.

2. The predominance of the female in the animal world is most striking. In certain parasites the male is a little organism attached to the side of the female; in the seaworm *Bonella* the female is 96 times larger than the male; the female butterfly is 10 times larger than the male. The lady spider is so easily superior that in some species she eventually eats the male.

In vertebrates and mammals the male becomes superior in strength; the development of maternal care, and the replacement of external development by the internal growth of the embryo, puts a greater strain upon the female, while the male is left free, getting killed or becoming stronger in the endless war for food and mates.

Again, the female has a biological priority, as the direct carrier of the body of the race. Man's function is secondary and tributary, in the species. In the crisis of birth he stands helplessly aside understanding at last how subordinate he is in the development of the race. At that moment, he knows how the great

current of life flows resistlessly through woman, making creation the work of her flesh and blood; and he begins to understand why primitive peoples and great religions worshiped motherhood.

3. The chief function of woman is to serve the race; the function of man is to serve the woman and the child. Hence, the natural industry of the male is protective, acquisitive, and adventurous; he is life's agent of nutrition, as woman is life's agent of reproduction. Food is man's great aim; he loves it, and woman has ever ruled man through his stomach.

4. Venturing about for food, the male becomes a fighter; among the animals he fights with tusks and claws, among men with economic rivalry, among nations with armies, navies, and newspapers. The woman's nature is to seek shelter rather than war. She is more patient than man; and though she has less courage in the larger crises of life, she has unbounded fortitude for facing the smaller irritations of existence. She bears illness more quietly. Man is more pugnacious and violent; woman more tenacious and subtle. Woman is pugnacious vicariously; she delights in a masterful man. Occasionally, this ancient joy in virility overrides her more economic sense; and she will marry a fool if he is brave.

Woman wins her victories not through fighting nor through bravery but through persistence and tenacity. The male's pugnacity is more intense and open, but less sustained; he is readier to make up, or to surrender for the sake of peace. He may growl; but she will triumph by repetition, like an advertisement. And if by some chance the man should win, the woman need only cry, and he is lost. The wise wife will put it down as a fundamental rule of war: "If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again."

5. In what might be called the instincts of action—walking, running, play—the man is more inclined to useless movement, and the woman to superfluous stability. She is lazier, and usually the more she receives, the less she does. Hence, she is the more dangerous sex: to be virtuous, as to be happy or graceful, one must be busy.

6. Woman surpasses man in the game of love; he surpasses her in friendship. Men may be friends, but women can only be acquaintances. They haven't that passion for disinterested friendship that men have. As La Rochefoucauld noted, "The cause why the majority of women are so little given to friendship is that it is insipid after they have felt love." Love, as the poet said, is for man a thing apart, but it is a woman's whole existence.

7. In the instincts just surveyed—those that preserve the individual—man's superiority is manifest and natural. But in the instincts that preserve the group or race, woman is equally superior. She likes company and multitudes. The normal male is dragged into attendance upon concerts, exhibitions, and problem plays only by wifely compulsion. Woman is more social, man more solitary.

8. Hence, woman is more talkative; "a sieve for secrets." She is more frequently possessed with feeling and emotion, and her face—in contrast to that of the cautious business man—is almost as expressive as her speech. With this fluid immediacy of facial expression goes a greater ability to detect feeling and thought in others; hence it is harder to deceive a woman than a man.

9. Woman usually leaves the initiative to man, even in love. Here above all his mastery lies. Woman's physical weakness and economic dependence weigh upon her, dulling the edge of her courage, withdrawing her from rebellion and enterprise. She clings to the conventional, nervously imitative of every wind of fashion in dress, or manners, or ideas. In new and fanciful cults she offers slightly readier material than man.

10. Woman dares not vary from the norm so recklessly as man. She gives the world fewer idiots, and fewer geniuses. She is more like the others of her sex than the man is like other men; the compulsion of diverse occupations has differentiated man into a thousand varieties, but the ancestral tasks of finding a mate and rearing a child have

operated on women, forming them in one mold, wherein the face is always different, and the soul always the same. Perhaps this is part cause of the male's complacent passage from one love to another. A woman who has loved and lost may find her loss irreparable; she has bound her spirit to a specific image.

11. Woman is more dependent upon social approval; more polite, considerate, and kind (her social sensitivity merging with her motherhood); richer in the qualities that make for altruism and morality. The opinion of her neighbors weighs more with her than with the man. She surpasses man in vanity; she is more conscious of her virtues and beauty. Even more than her mate, she is anxious to rise in the world; and her hunger for position forms half the wind in his sails.

12. Finally, these characteristics of mind and heart make her more religious. Her emotional tension renders her quickly sensitive to the profound appeal of religion. She feels more keenly the bereavements of life, and, longing for reunion, is convinced of immortality. Instinctively, she worships where the man might seek scientifically to investigate. Physically dependent, she yearns for omnipotent protection, and accepts the Divine presence more readily.

These, then, are the fundamental instincts of man and woman. But it must not be supposed that experience and education do not change these elements. How does the intellectual superstructure, built on the fundamental instincts, differ in men and women?

It is wider and higher in men. For men have, through generations, been drawn out into the varied world, and, in meeting new situations and stimuli, have developed that flexibility of intellect which is intelligence. But instinct too can be intelligent. For the ancient problems of mating and motherhood which have faced women since the beginning, nature has built up instinctive responses.

14. Hence, woman, generally speaking, excels man in precision of instinct. Man is more critical and skeptical, his instincts have been broken up for flexibility, so that, in the presence of a woman, he loses assurance. She is

cleverer to plan and quicker to execute, wherever the problem has to do with snaring a mate, keeping a lover, or making a home. No man under 30 is a match for a woman of 20 in the gentle art of love. There are some things that woman knows before she is born, by the divine right of the chromosomes.

15. Being better equipped at birth for the normal tasks of life, woman matures more rapidly. Some men have, therefore, classed her as a lower species. But on this basis the elephant and the turtle would be the masterpieces of God. Adolescence is of the mind as well as of the body. Visibly, our human adolescence lengthens in a world that becomes daily more involved and more uncongenial to our native aptitudes. Few men in our time achieve mental maturity before the middle point of life.

By comparison, woman, more profoundly natural, ripens in mind and body at an early age. She learns more readily the amenities of social behavior; she is cleverer at school; at Radcliffe College recently she showed herself superior, in intellectual tests, to the learned lads from Harvard. But this rapid development tends to complete itself sooner than in the male; the woman does not grow so far from what she is at birth as the harassed and experimental male. She is the organ and seat of racial stability, as he is the agent and herald of change.

16. The other side of this stability is a certain conservation of feeling and inadequacy of thought. Woman's interests are familial; she is as deep as nature and as narrow as four walls. She is less experimental in mind and morals than man. Even if, in younger years, she thrills to political reform, later she narrows her devotion to the family. It is just as well, for she knows that the soundest reform begins at home.

17. Women are born with intelligence; some men achieve it, most men have it thrust upon them. The Industrial Revolution has made life for the male a kaleidoscope of enlarging responsibilities. Many men have broken under the strain; many others have developed a range and brilliance of mind which uses all the reserve energies of the

nervous system; they produce geniuses and madmen, as never before. It is man's fate to be flung into the maelstrom of commerce, and to deal with causes and processes and effects, as well as with women and men. Woman is interested in persons rather than in processes or things; and argues always from the personal viewpoint.

It has always comforted male students of the mental differences between the sexes to observe how little genius woman has given to the world. Even in art and in music, woman seems to have produced less than her opportunities would appear to warrant. Perhaps, however, we define genius with prejudice, and forget that there may be as much genius in motherhood as in politics, literature, or war. Equality in genius should be judged by the ability to perform with competence the tasks natural to each age and sex. We are inclined to see less genius in our age than in some time to which distance lends enchantment; we tend to look for genius today in those same fields in which it flowered in the past; whereas, it may well be that some of the mental force that once made literature and art is now absorbed in the widened realm of industry. We are consumed at present in remaking the physical world; we have great inventors, scientists, financiers, executives; we must not also expect, in the same age, Platons and Shakespeares, Leonardos and Beethovens.

18. Geniuses usually appear among the educated minority of each sex, so that comparisons will be unfair until the proportion of persons receiving higher education is equal in both sexes.

19. There is one more thing to ask. Are these mental differences hereditary or acquired? In a sense we are enabled, as a result of a vast experiment, to answer the question. Men were intellectually superior to women: Was it by birth or by environment? To answer the question it was necessary to submit a large number of women to the economic conditions which were forming men, and to observe how fundamentally these changed occupations transformed the

mind and character of the women involved. England and America became the scenes of the great trial. Factories and offices and professions were opened to either sex; economic exigency drew millions of women out of the home and flung them into commercial rivalry with man. With what result?

The result was so rapid a transformation of woman that all the world stood agape. Within three generations they had made their way into every field where physical strength was not indispensable, till every moralist deplored the masculinization of the once gentler sex. Women lawyers, physicians, governors, bandits, demonstrated the ability of women to rival the arts of the male. Colleges graduated women whom no man would marry, because their intellectual superiority excluded certain masculine pretensions to leadership which are among the prerequisites and casualties of marriage. The mental and moral gap between the sexes decreased as rapidly as shops and factories replaced homes.

It may be taken, then, as a reasonable conclusion that if women should choose to live the occupational life of the male, they would be assimilated indistinguishably with him in mental and moral traits. But probably women will show better sense. Their present period of imitation will pass; they will discover that men do not deserve this flattery; they will perceive that intellect is not intelligence; that happiness, like beauty and perfection, lies in the fulfillment of our natural selves. Those women who carry emancipation onward will seek not to be imperfect men but to become perfect women; they will make motherhood an art involving as much preparation and intelligence as a career outside the home. Who knows that they may come to understand that it is the greatest art of all?

The energy that has achieved woman's liberty will meet the issue that her liberty has raised. She will find a way to unite that radiant beauty and alert intelligence which distinguishes her today with that modest tenderness which flowers in loyal love and perfect motherhood.

The Prince of Wales

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (September, '27)

P. W. Wilson

KING EDWARD VII once said of his throne: "It will last my time. It will last my son's time. After that, who knows?" Every empire known to the historian has risen to a zenith, passed it, and fallen into decay. This is the situation that the Prince of Wales has had to face. He is plunged into a civilization that refuses to take royalty for granted; he must expect to reign over autonomous dominions which recognize no aristocracy, maintain no palaces and forbid their citizens, save as rare exceptions, to accept peerages. The Prince must be the one common denominator of all classes, all races, all religions in the far-flung British Empire. He put the point in a jest at the expense of his austere brother-in-law: "Every day," said the Prince with a laugh, "I am becoming commoner and commoner, and every day Lascelles becomes royaller and royaller." In order to reign, a king must have the mere royalty knocked out of him. If the Prince was to "put it over," he must succeed not by details of royal etiquette but by some quality within himself.

No Hanoverian—not King George III himself—has displayed a purpose less yielding to persuasion than the set purposes of the Prince of Wales. When the war broke out, it was decided by the Court and by the Government that as a matter of course the Prince must be the only soldier of military age not permitted to fight for the country. The one man who dissented was the Prince himself. "If I am killed," his argument ran, "my brothers remain to take on the job. But if I stay at home the job itself will be discredited." He got his way, and his constant endeavor to escape from headquarters into the trenches caused Lord Haig almost as much anxiety as the German offensives.

Events were to show that the Prince was right. The Empire emerged from the war bigger, but weakened. In the case of the Dominions, including Ireland, all the political links with Great Britain were in effect broken, except allegiance to the throne. It became literally the fact that if the throne were to collapse the Empire as constituted, would cease to be. It was thus of an immense advantage that, at this critical moment, the Prince could travel over the Empire as the comrade of those who had fought and fallen.

Toward all, the Prince has adopted an attitude unique among heirs to a throne. Usually such a "job," as he calls it, is claimed by those who aspire to it. What the Prince of Wales claims is the right, if he wishes, to throw up his job. He is not a quitter. But when he is criticized, he is quite ready to hand over his duties to the Duke of York.

In more than one respect the Prince has been as good as his threat. There are highest reasons of state why the heir to the throne, now in his 34th year, should marry. He has met princesses from Italy, Spain, Belgium, Denmark and Sweden. There were suitable princesses in England. Nor was it stipulated that he choose a lady of royal status. In every case, the Prince smiled at what he called "the tea-cup betrothal," and ultimately attended the wedding of the girl to somebody else!

Similarly, with his exploits on the hunting field, the race course, and the polo ground. For any rider, these are pursuits in which there is an element of danger. The Prince sustained injuries. It was thus no wonder that Queen Mary should join with Parliament in dissuading the Prince from continuing such forms of recreation. For years he has resisted the pressure.

Yet in these matters, matrimonial and sporting, it is obvious that the crowd has liked the Prince all the better for his obstinacy. A free people prefers to have a free man to reign over them. Moreover, there is nothing so thrilling to a multitude as a risk. The astonishing prestige of Queen Elizabeth was emphasized (1) because conspiracies threatened her life; (2) because suitors sought her hand. A bachelor prince who rides hard to hounds exerts a somewhat similar fascination.

The finances of the Prince are strictly administered and his life is arranged on Spartan principles. Otherwise he could not get through his week's work. The comparatively few and simple rooms he occupies form but a small part of St. James' Palace. The bedroom is fitted like a sailor's cabin and the Prince shaves himself. True, his speeches are prepared for him. But he works over them and infuses into them his own individuality. A learned medical body roared with laughter when the Prince, discussing their science, remarked, "We owe a great deal to the United States—" The debt was acknowledged but in another sense.

In order to keep himself fit, he is resolute in his exercises. On travel he spares no energy. At a sing-song on the cow train, it is his ukulele that leads the chorus. If anyone rides the surf at Honolulu, so must he. After an exhausting day he will enjoy the small hours of the next morning on the dance floor. He has reduced his sleep to a minimum, and his admirers wonder whether the pace is not too fierce. For months ahead his diary is black with accepted invitations. His ranch in Alberta is too distant for a quiet week-end.

In the case of his grandfather, King Edward, there was one defense that never failed: dignity. He was photographed, but he took good care to know where the cameras were situated. The Prince has been apt to discard such caution. We are able to see him splashing in the swimming pool, splashed with the mud of the steeplechase, and even attired as the heroine in private theatricals. The unconventionality of the Prince precisely suited the national mood

after the war. When Queen Mary resisted jazz, a public in which ladies of mature age smoked cigarettes felt the rebuke. When the Prince adopted jazz, that public applauded.

The real trouble is that the Prince sometimes goes on strike. Under the strain of the job, he throws the rules to the winds. Yes, he will visit the King of Spain; but he declines to bring his uniforms with him. He will attend a celebration in Paris, but in a sack suit. Amid epaulettes and dress coats, a Prince thus attired can look very insignificant. In India, the officials were not accustomed to render allegiance to a suzerain who indulges in familiarities. Even in Japan it was a bold stroke for the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince Hirohito, as he was, to play golf against one another. A victory on either side might have been construed as diplomatic, so the score cards were torn up.

Yet even in India the Prince achieved one great stroke for humanity. He welcomed and addressed the Untouchables, nor did the voice of criticism impair his astounding success in South Africa. The Nationalist Dutch, who had been talking of independence, were carried off their feet by the courage, the good temper, and the obvious friendliness of the King's son.

It is, however, in Britain itself that his influence has been most powerful. Britain had a past. The question has been whether Britain is to have a future. Loaded with debt, surrounded by international embarrassments, confronted by industrial competition and crowded with a rapidly increasing population, can the old country carry on?

The Prince of Wales, young, cheerful, persistent, has incarnated the future. When the Wembley Exhibition was failing, his words whipped it into success. When the advertisers congregate in London, he advertises Britain. He is not a policy, not a thought, not a religion, but a mood and a faith. The Prince of Wales is the antidote to pessimism. He has made and will continue to make a definite contribution to the history of making.

Do's and Don'ts of Antique Collecting

Condensed from The Mentor (September, '27)

Walter Prichard Eaton

SO widely has the craze for antiques spread, so great is the demand, that an antique seems to be any old junk not in the current styles. Even hideous pressed glass made as late as 1885 is called antique!

The first *Don't* of antique collecting is: "*Don't* consider anything an antique which does not date back 100 years or more. If you follow this rule you will be in much less danger of gathering a lot of worthless junk. I do not mean that everything made in America after the 1820's was junk. But, alas! artistically most of it was. It was hideous. First a degenerate style, and then machine processes of manufacture, swept over the Western World.

Unless one is collecting to illustrate historic periods, he had best leave the last three quarters of the 19th century alone. That is the period of black walnut furniture, black marble fireplaces, Currier and Ives lithographs and "Sandwich" glass. In nearly all instances, these are positively hideous, as hideous as another much-sought mid-century product—Bennington dogs. If you want to collect antiques in order to surround yourself with beautiful hand-made objects, mellow in tone and lovely in line, stick to the periods before 1820.

Do collect what is intrinsically beautiful, what is artistic as well as historical. Unless you are equipping an historical exhibition there is no other real reason for collecting. For the price of a Currier and Ives lithograph you can get three or four modern lithographs 50 times as well printed, and 100 times as well drawn. "Sandwich" glass can be bought in the five-and-ten-cent stores if you feel you must have it. But no hardware store, try as it may, can reproduce the hand-

wrought latches and hinges on many an old farmhouse door and shutter; nor can your carpenter reproduce the delicate irregularities of the fluting of an old pine corner cupboard; and when it comes to such an aristocrat of the household as a highboy, where style and proportion count so heavily, not one modern reproduction out of 50 quite strikes the authentic note.

Do collect first of all mahogany furniture, for the simple reason that in its day—the later 18th and early 19th centuries—this furniture was the best made, both in design and in workmanship. Why not start with the best? Our ancestors didn't put Windsor chairs and pine tables, nor even maple furniture, in their parlors—not when they could afford anything better. They used mahogany. We are paying a dubious compliment to their sense of fitness when we shellac a cheap old pine table into a shrieking yellow color and stick it beside the Steinway, largely because it is "early American pine" and the dealer soaked us \$150 for it. It remains a kitchen table just the same.

Don't, in other words, assume that just because a thing is 100 or 200 years old its intrinsic nature has been changed. If it was a rough, simple piece for a farm kitchen it still is!

Do collect some old china and pottery. It has color, usefulness, charm, fitness. It goes with an old house or a new one. Old Chelsea or Crown Derby china, ornamented with gay flowers and honey-gold bands, is a lovely thing. The texture and bluish color of Lowestoft china and the characteristic red of its designs are fascinating. The deep blue of an early Staffordshire plate or platter is charming.

Don't collect American glass—not, at any rate, until you can afford to turn your attention to a very highly specialized hobby wherein you need much knowledge to escape being swindled. The truth is, most American glass was a second-rate imitation of European glass or else later a merely mechanical and ugly product, like the pressed glass referred to. Collecting it is either a fad or the job of museums. The ordinary person wishing to collect something from the past of real beauty and *artistic* value would far better stick to china and pottery, in which his own instinct for what is attractive will be a fairly serviceable guide. *Don't*, however, begin paying high prices for 18th-century English china till you have studied the subject and know your way about. There are too many unscrupulous dealers.

There are many pleasant byways of antique collecting which have less to do with art and more with the history of manners, with sentiment. Each person will follow his own inclination in picking these byways. But nearly all of them offer a good deal of pleasure. Old silver, of course, is not one of them, because old silver is an art product, of constantly increasing value. I mean such things as samplers, bandboxes (so called because they were made to hold the bands of neck ruffs worn by the well-dressed man of a few score years ago), portrait silhouettes (cut out of black paper and an early equivalent of our photography), dolls and toys, etc. In an old house in Plymouth is a collection of 18th-century dolls which is altogether delightful. Many of the dolls are costume plates of the period, of course, and have a real historical value. Ancient samplers, generally worked by small girls, make attractive wall decorations in such houses as are old enough to comport with them. Old hooked rugs also go well in simple old houses but do not go well on modern oak floors and should not be collected unless you have a proper place to put them. *Don't* collect things which you cannot exhibit in fitting surroundings and *Don't* collect things unless they have some inherent charm.

The most important *Do* of all in antique collecting is: Study the subject before you begin to collect; learn something about fair current prices and, still more, learn to discriminate between what is good and what is only commonplace in workmanship and design. Learn to detect what the collector calls "style" in a chair or table or piece of hardware.

Finally, *Don't* neglect any opportunity to see and study good antiques in museums and other collections—in such places as the Peabody Museum in Salem, for example; the Pendleton collection, Providence; the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Van Cortlandt Manor House, New York. Here you will see absolutely authentic antiques of the best obtainable designs exhibited in settings appropriate to them and learn, as it were, what to aim for. I can imagine no single thing more valuable to the would-be collector than to stand for 15 minutes before a William Savery highboy, just absorbing the proportions, the elegant, tall dignity of it, the grace of the cabriole legs, the richness of the carving. Such a piece of furniture shows us how much style the 18th century had, how much our ancestors enjoyed the beauty of design and proportion.

And *Don't* think that these qualities are only to be found in mahogany highboys and other pieces perhaps beyond your means. They often exist in a cobra hinge on a barn door, forged by some village blacksmith, or in the graceful curve of a "goose neck" andiron or in the cabriole legs of a simple pine or maple table, or the sawed-out design on the top of a banister-back chair, or in the design of the wings on a butterfly table, or in a hundred places where the ancient craftsmen found a chance to express the style of their age, their sense of beauty and fitness.

Do be on the lookout for such antiques as express this sense of beauty and fitness, this style of the elder days of hand craftsmanship. *Do* collect what you like and admire—and let the fads of the hour go and come as the wind listeth. *Don't* pay any attention to them.

"Pax!"

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (September, '27)

Ford Maddox Ford

I WAS, until lately, puzzled at one recurrent accusation that I have heard uttered against Americans in Europe. It usually concluded a tirade. "What can you say for a people whose theatres smell of offal!" Then I went to Chicago and was asked by several inhabitants whether I had really smelled the stockyards in their opera house. You see, they had been seriously hurt by some foreigner who, coming to visit them, had gone away declaring that so sensitive was he that he had actually performed that olfactory feat. Even that person had only meant to display his own poetic intensity; he had meant to say that he had not been able to forget the stockyards when in the opera house. But he put that record of his emotions so picturesquely that half the papers in Europe and, I daresay, in America, quoted that passage. Every American is, therefore, by certain Europeans regarded as the sort of insensible individual who can sit in a theatre reeking of putrid meat. That does not help the cause of peace.

Nay, more: it is the sort of thing that causes wars. It is such allegations that cause, if not declarations, at least the cheerful prosecution of wars. Obviously the boodlers, big business men, and political caucuses that rule all our nations with practically no reference to the desires or ideals of our peoples—obviously these deviously skilled personalities can at any moment involve any of our nations in war with any other nations, and by aid of our more venal journals, might even get up an enthusiasm for that war. But that last can only be assured by careful preparation of the ground.

Careful preparation by such gentlemen as the one who smelled the stockyards

in the opera house! Wars are declared for many reasons. But they are not cheerfully prosecuted unless the peoples engaged are convinced that the individuals of the enemy nations are too brutish to be accorded the sympathies due to human beings. Yet once that position has been established against the Enemy, we shall fight to the bitter end. We shall do so because if we are vanquished we shall have to endure the forcing on ourselves of the brutish habits of the conqueror. We shall have to eat black bread, rotten cabbage. . . or sit in theatres that smell of putrid meat.

The fact is, we human beings fight more willingly to preserve our civilizations than for any other reason. If, then, a politician or publicist can be found to proclaim that I am—or that you are—the less civilized of the two, I will fight you or you me. I, a Briton, will fight against your Prohibition because you are so low an order of humanity that you cannot be kept from making a beast of yourself without Federal enactments; moreover you sit in theatres that smell of offal. We, on the other hand, regard ourselves as God's chosen. Ours is God's Own Country. I assure you that my countrymen look at their country like that!

You, on the other hand, belonging to God's Own Country, U. S. A., the chosen of the Almighty, will fight me because I would force alcohol on you; I would reduce your population to the condition of sodden brutishness that distinguishes me; I would force you to drink tea, suppress your divorce reports . . . Who knows what?

It is in that way that populations regard each other, really. And it is time they gave it up. This nasty state of

affairs has been brought about not merely by American politicians and the smart Alecks that write for the American press, but by all the politicians and all the smart Alecks the world over. There is one English journal which has seriously advocated that we should take steps against the United States because she shelters the Ku Klux Klan, just as several United States journals have seriously suggested that steps should be taken against the British Empire because she does not adopt Prohibition. It is time our peoples turn their attentions to newspaper publishers who print the sort of pin-pricking stuff that is really what embitters nation against nation.

Any such imbecile article is the potential spark that may ignite all the arsenals in the world. For each of them has a potential, who knows how many, million readers? It suffices for any News Agency, or any mischievous journalist to reproduce such an article as representing the settled convictions of a whole country, and infinite mischief may be done, since there is no end to the possible reverberations.

It seems to me that Americans are less able than the inhabitants of other countries to let one another alone. They interfere with one another's morals, drains, beliefs, dances, clothes, far more than the inhabitants of most other countries—and they do it far more in public prints. The harm done abroad by these organs and publicists is very considerable since they supply in tabloid form ammunition for every enemy of the United States. We are by now so used to the lively fare supplied us by American journalists through their News Agencies that we find it hard to be much interested in their projections of American life. If gunmen seized the President of the United States and held him for ransom we should say that it was merely what we had been led to anticipate.

When widespread debunking magazines expose the hypocrisies of the American clergy of all denominations, the mental corruption of all the American great from Washington to P. T. Barnum, the imbecility of all the American press, the insularity of Rhodes scholars (and I am looking through only one copy of

one such organ)—when widespread debunking magazines do that, not only are they displaying Pharisaism, but they are supplying to the enemies of the United States exactly the materials which they want. I have been following a particularly pestilential English weekly, and whenever that organ refers to the United States, it ends its tirade with what amounts to, "But what can you expect from a people who. . . ." and then a citation from the American debunker.

The United States is inhabited by human beings much like any other human beings; it has strata of infinitely varying cultures, as is the case with every other nation. The clergy of all nations are distinguished by what appears hypocrisy to the non-sympathizer; all public men are distinguished by brazen lungs and by their pouring out of banalities; all small legislatures are apt to display imbecility.

We are in the 1928th year of the Christian era!—then cannot we have done with silly nagging between nations? For myself I grow nearly frenzied when I hear a semi-imbecile Briton sneer at the United States, or a cheaply epigrammatic American condemn my own country, or a Frenchman too skilful of tongue pour vitriol over both. We are all decent nations with creditable records of varying intellectual value. Then why cannot we let one another alone? Politicians and Finance and Big Business and the Publicists must, I suppose, continue to do their best to embroil us; that is their game. But it can be checked. Hatred between nations is not a necessary or inevitable growth; we are all in effect too forced to rely the one upon the other.

I begin more and more to lose all sense of the difference between nations and to hope more and more that those differences will appear negligible. For, indeed, the differences between nations are negligible. So I have called this article "Pax!" Let us have a cessation, let each of us do what he can to bring about a cessation, of this cruel and ignorant schoolboy's sport of crying "Yah" and sticking out our tongues at each other over the fence.

A Highway Under the Hudson

Condensed from *The World's Work* (September, '27)

Marion T. Colley

ONE morning in 1919 three engineers came together to plan the world's greatest under-water vehicular highway—Clifford M. Holland, Milton H. Freeman, and Ole Singstad; only the latter has lived to see the completion of this epoch-making public work. The tunnel cost the lives of its first two engineers.

Today this marvelous thoroughfare is a reality. Encased in two gigantic cast-iron tubes, it lies through silt and sand, rock and gravel, 60 feet below the mean low tide of the Hudson. Each immense tube contains a one-way street, two miles long and 20 feet wide, with a narrow sidewalk and divided for two lines of traffic.

Lights, covered with diffusing glass, and so arranged as to eliminate glare and sharp shadows, fill the passages with the luminous whiteness of day. The smooth, resilient surface of the pavement reduces vibration and noise to the utmost degree. The air is changed 42 times a minute to remove the deadly carbon monoxide gas. It is estimated that more than 46,000 vehicles will pass through the tunnel daily after its opening this fall. It is as perfect in every detail as knowledge and skill could make it. The states of New York and New Jersey have spent between 48 and 49 million dollars in building it. But figures tell nothing. Drama, high adventure, and years of research have gone into its making.

Surely the strangest of all craft that ever set out on a perilous enterprise were the stout steel cylinders, or shields, that were to bore, burrow and shove a new kind of passageway through the dangerous darkness of an under-river

world. Thirty feet in diameter and 16 feet long, these great shields were divided into two compartments, and the advance rim was equipped with a cutting edge. Two were started from each shore, pushed out from huge steel shafts that had been sunk in the Hudson at the tunnel sites. Thirty jacks, having a combined thrust of 6000 tons, pushed each shield forward, 30 inches at a time, toward its counterpart approaching from the opposite shore.

"At the very front of the shield," related Mr. Singstad, "was a working pocket for the sand-hogs shut off by a steel bulkhead. Here, 107 feet below the city streets, under compressed air pressure which had to hold the enveloping mud and water at bay, they toiled with pick and shovel, often up to their knees in mire, and surrounded by dangers it would be impossible to exaggerate. If the air power proved insufficient to withstand the pressure of the mud wall through which the shield forced its passage, this would cave in and bury them. In case the cutting edge struck a boulder, they would have to leave their protecting envelope of steel and get outside, in the formless world of silt, rock and water, and drill and blast the obstruction away. Should the river bed above prove too thin and a blowout occur, they might be shot upwards to their death, or drowned by the resulting flood of water running in upon them.

To prevent these blowouts, cavities about the shield were filled with clay, voids between rocks plugged with cement grout. Where the overhead cover was too shallow to resist the force of air used in excavation, a clay blanket ten feet thick was laid over the river bed. Yet blows occurred.

"Curious to say," observed Mr. Singstad, "we do not have to persuade the sand-hogs to do this hazardous work, though no insurance company will underwrite them. They represent one of the most steady laborers we have. I can only explain it on the principle of the irresistible attraction that danger and daring have for men who are without fear."

Behind the shield were assembled the successive rings of the cast-iron lining, each in 14 segments weighing a ton and a half apiece. At every 30-inch advance an enormous erector swung these sections into place till the ring was complete. Then pressing against this sturdy circumference, the 30 jacks shoved the shield forward another two and a half feet. Sometimes it took 20 minutes to do this, at others a full 24 hours.

This work of holing through the tunnels went on day and night, Sundays and holidays. An independent telephone system connected all compressed air compartments for direct communication with the chief engineer. "One could not know at what instant something might go wrong," explained Mr. Singstad, "and in such work a mistake once made has to stand forever."

Years were spent in making surveys to insure the meeting of those tubes from opposite shores. Angles had been measured at night to avoid smoke; triangulation made only in winter, when the atmosphere was freest of haze and fog—yet, in the end, who could be sure? Would they actually meet at last, or miss each other in their narrow separate channel? When they finally came head-on together, with only the merest fraction of an inch difference in their alignment, all joy had gone from the triumphant outcome: three days before, Clifford Holland, the chief engineer, had died, exhausted by overwork and the unremitting strain.

From the outset the engineers in charge of the project found themselves confronted by problems never before encountered in their work. Years of scientific study and experiment were required. "The most perplexing of these problems," said Mr. Singstad, "was that of ventilation. Heretofore, this had

always been done by forcing air in at one portal and out through the other. But to have adopted the blow-out method in the Holland Tubes would have necessitated so large a volume of circulating air, with resulting velocities so great, that the place would have been a veritable cave of the winds."

Unlike other long underground passages, this one was to be used for thousands of vehicles, operated by internal combustion engines, generating carbon monoxide, known to be deadly poison to people and to animals. No data was to be obtained from any source as to the amount of that and other gases given off by the cars, or as to the amount of monoxide which the human body could absorb in a given time without injury. A series of investigations were begun which lasted three years and cost \$2,552,000. In making them the engineering staff was assisted by the United States Bureau of Mines, Yale University, and the University of Illinois.

The result of the many investigations is to be found in the elaborate and unique ventilating plant, housed in four shafts, five stories high, constructed on top of the caissons sunk on either side of the Hudson. From these shafts, 42 powerful blower fans will force 3,761,000 cubic feet of fresh air per minute into expansion chambers beneath the roadway and out through slots in the lower part of the tubes, while 42 exhaust fans will draw the vitiated air from ducts into which it will pass through openings in the ceiling. The operation of these fans will require 6500 horsepower, and a yearly expenditure of \$280,000. But no one using this passageway need fear an untimely death, or even a headache, from too large a dose of carbon monoxide.

There are four other under-water tunnels for vehicles in the world—two in England, one in Germany, and one in Scotland. But the longest of these is but a third the length of the Holland Tubes and is used by less than 100 vehicles a day. As an engineering feat, the American subaqueous driveway stands alone. As an example of what can be done by compressed air, it is the greatest achievement of all time.

My Only Daughter

Condensed from Pictorial Review (August, '27)

Ed Howe

I AM writing this to introduce my only daughter, Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham, who lately won the \$10,000 Pictorial Review prize with her first novel.

We have long had a family friend named B. B. Brooks, twice Governor of Wyoming, and as fine a gentleman as I know. When Mrs. Farnham was almost a baby I frequently took her to visit the Brooks ranch.

She told me in New York the other day that Governor Brooks devotedly loved her as a little girl, but has lost his enthusiasm, now that she is a grown woman. Governor Brooks, of course, pretends he loves her as he always did, but Mrs. Farnham says his pretense is easily detected, and only makes matters worse. Bright women have been "catching" men in the same way many centuries.

Mrs. Farnham's statement about Governor Brooks somehow appealed to me, as I admit with shame his bad conduct somewhat reminds me of my own.

The nearest approach to that beautiful thing, an angel, is a little girl of 10 or 12. Women of 16 or 20, and into the shadowy regions beyond, are of course adorable. And Mrs. Farnham was one of the dearest of the millions of girl children who have blessed the world. When she was 12 I loved her so much that frequently I took her on long trips that I might have her all to myself.

I'm mad at Governor Brooks because his affection for her cooled after she reached womanhood, but am able to sympathize with him. He has four daughters I loved when they were babies, and am afraid of now. Out on the Wyoming ranch, as children, they loved

me, but, since Wellesley and marriage, they recall me with difficulty.

Mrs. Farnham and I went through Yellowstone Park in the days when she was the prettiest and most adorable child in the world, and I a young husband and father. Today I stood before a picture taken in that remote time, and walked away almost in tears. We have both so greatly changed.

We went into the Park too early, and I still recall that the women lent her wraps, and glared at me, thinking I wasn't taking good care of her. But I was. In our joint lives it was our best and happiest time. How she trusted me, loved me, admired my wisdom, looked after me, blessed me! One old fellow said:

"Sir, I congratulate you on the most adorable little daughter I have seen in years. I don't want to be disagreeable, but let me tell you what happened to mine: she married, and I hardly know her now."

I disliked that man a long time, but lately am able to understand him better.

Then my daughter went away to school. We had friends in Washington who gave her "advantages." I still have, as one of my dearest relics, an engraved invitation she received to a White House reception.

It was near this time that I found something in one of her letters that was "managing" rather than loving and trusting, as I had been accustomed to. The title of her novel is *Rebellion*, and I shudder when I realize what it means. All women go on the war-path around 14, and fight men until they die. I long for an armistice, but do not expect one.

I took her on a trip around the world to celebrate her graduation with honor, but was grouchy most of the way: she had become a woman; I had lost her and knew it. My first shock was noting that she could be content out of my sight. On the trip we met young army and navy officers, and many agreeable American travelers, and they were able to entertain her. Before, I had felt, in a foolish, sentimental way, that she regarded me as the only man in the world really worth while. I should have known better even then, but didn't.

On that trip I felt about my heart as I later felt about my eyes when compelled to put on glasses. Now that I better understand the old prophetic saying about three-score and ten, I am beginning to realize that old age actually begins somewhere around 40.

I've traveled far, and haven't much farther to go, but have discovered nothing equal to love. And no wife ever loved a husband as a girl of 12 loves her father. There is a trustfulness, an admiration, no grown woman has for a man. A girl of 12 hasn't found the men out; a woman of 16 is beginning to, and I blush when I think of what women of 20 and beyond think of us; most of it is true.

I have not read *Rebellion*, but am willing to wager it does not contain the admiration for at least one man she displayed at 12. No doubt its comments on my sex will be just and accurate. We men were very harsh with women in old days, and I rejoice they have achieved victory over us; but somehow I long for the trust, the love, this bright woman had for me when she was 12. She's forgotten her attitude toward me in that day, but I have not, and never will. I did not deserve it, but it was the most agreeable thing in my life.

If *Rebellion* criticizes me I shall not object. I think I suggested the title. I said once, in talking about her writing: "Your greatest cleverness is in making fun of the men. Try that. You know me well, and I am vulnerable. Pick at me."

Her answer almost broke my heart, for she said: "I had thought of that,

and am trying it." It may be *Rebellion* is the book I advised. If it is, well and good; she's married and gone, anyway.

I invented her name. I once heard a Frenchwoman pronounce the word "Mathilde" so charmingly that I made it into "Mateel" in writing *The Story of a Country Town*. "Mateel" is now quite a common name. I still recall her baby indignation when she found another girl of her name.

The honor that has lately come to Mrs. Farnham has almost brought back my old great affection. I shall see Governor Brooks this Summer, and spend days and days with the most interesting Western man I know. I think I shall suggest to him that since we have grown old we should be more charitable and forgive Mateel for growing up. And I'll try to forgive his daughters, Jennie, Abbie, Lena, and Melissa, for the same offense.

For I am fond of the word used most frequently to Mateel as a woman. I have been with her in very good company many times, and always one word is used in describing her. She was in Washington recently and Roland K. Smith, a member of the U. S. Shipping Board, an old family friend, and a fine gentleman, entertained her. He wrote me later: "Mateel was over to dinner last evening. Charming." That word fits her now; at 12 "adorable" would have been better.

Manlike I do not know her birthday; I do not know her exact age, but remember distinctly when she loved me most.

I long for the success of *Rebellion* as I longed for her success when she read her first piece at school. I am wondering if there is anything I can do to help her with the great audience to which her work is now submitted. I have decided there is not. I can only beg favor for *Rebellion*, with the assurance that it was written by the nicest girl child I've known in all my days.

I hope the verdict on her latest writing may be as favorable as was my verdict on her first. It was an essay delivered as a little schoolgirl, and her subject was "My Father."

Honesty in Advertising

Condensed from The Nation (August 31, '27)

Raymond Fuller

WHEN President Coolidge extolled the virtues of American advertising some months ago, 30 national advertisers, in a symposium in The Literary Digest, enthusiastically approved the President's understanding of the true purposes of their profession. Here are passages from that address:

"There can be no permanent basis for advertising except representation of the exact truth. . . . The basic function of advertising is education. . . . It informs its readers of the nature of commodities by explaining the advantages to be derived from their use. . . . Advertising ministers to the spiritual side of trade.

Shortly before that address, W. E. Humphrey, Federal Trade Commissioner, speaking in New York, had said: "The publication of fraudulent advertising in magazines and newspapers costs the American public about \$500,000,000 annually. I can produce single issues of magazines that carry not less than 50 dishonest or indecent advertisements."

I determined to look further into the educative, spiritual, and exact-truth aspects of advertising. A current copy of one of the largest women's magazines showed, after careful investigation, that 26 percent of the advertisements made explicit or implied misstatements of fact. Another monthly (with over two million circulation) had 46 such untruthful advertisements; another, 32; another 40. These were "the best advertising mediums."

Individual notions of truth and falsity are debatable. But if advertising were mainly designed to put forth undeniable "advantages to be derived" by the public, advertisers should be able and willing to answer any doubts about

their statements. Letters were sent to 35 national advertisers, selected at random, asking them to give some unbiased scientific authority on which their slogans and claims were based.

Five advertisers failed to reply even to second letters, although they had been asked to substantiate such obviously questionable statements as these:

Adjusto Ray is wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches. Its rays quickly soothe the affected parts, and help remove the cause.

Armored Cord construction applies an engineering fact to the building of stronger sturdier Cooper Tires. This revolutionary new construction multiplies by many times the resistant strength of the carcass . . . it eliminates interior friction.

Smith Brothers' Cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. . . . The cheapest health insurance in the world.

Consolidated Clean Coal invariably lowers production costs.

Liquid Albolene, claiming special value as a laxative mineral oil, sells at eight to ten times more than mineral oil is purchasable at wholesale. We inquired its special value. McKesson and Robbins did not reply. (The American Medical Association's experiments have led to the conclusion that all mineral oils are of substantially equal merit.)

Wildroot Company claimed that their hair tonic "does remove dandruff, and prevents the loss of hair sure to follow dandruff." Asked to back this by medical authority, they wrote, "If you will use it you will find it to be just what we claim." The Bureau of Investigations of the American Medical Association had reported, however, specifically with

regard to Wildroot: "It would seem obvious that no drug with the poisonous potentialities of arsenic should be put in a mixture and indiscriminately sold to the public. . . Wildroot has no root or herb product in it."

Forhan was asked to prove that "Four out of five get pyorrhoea." "Kindly call at our office to refer to our data." I thought it unnecessary, however, after examining an official tabulation made of 17,000 insurance-policy holders; also examinations recorded by the Life Extension Institute. Instead of four out of five, one out of 20 is nearer the truth.

Ivory Soap, "99 44/100 percent pure," was admitted to contain a necessary 30 percent water content; "99 44/100 percent is a slogan, not a guarantee."

Perfect Piston Circles "seldom fail to give 1000 miles to the gallon of oil and add 10,000 miles to the life of cylinders, pistons, and rings." I wanted to know what disinterested engineers said. "We have no disinterested engineers."

I asked the Three-in-One Oil company to substantiate claims that such a light oil was a practical rust-preventive. I asked about an obvious acidity corrosive to copper, brass, silver, etc. I asked other questions to discover (1) why it was so expensive, (2) why other common oils were not just as good. The answer was simple: "If Three-in-One oil had not stood the test of a third of a century we might feel that a certified laboratory sheet was essential, but when millions of men, women. . . "Army and navy small-arms manuals recommend it," the company advertises. But an officer in the War Department, Ordinance Division, wrote: "The army small-arms manuals do not recommend Three-in-One oil. The United States Army does not purchase it. Our own investigations show that Three-in-One oil has an acid reaction which forms verdigris in presence of copper. It is so thin it runs from surfaces and leaves spots unprotected."

A huge display advertisement of Dona Castile Soap made by Armour and Company led me to inquire how much olive oil was in it and why "nothing else but castile soap has been found so

beneficial for the skin of a woman." The company replied: "We can think of no better answer to your questions than for you to try this exquisite soap, and we are sending you. . . " The Federal Trade Commission has ordered the manufacturers to desist from using the word "castile," alleging that the company "has misled and deceived the public into believing that said soap is and has been genuine castile soap, made exclusively of olive oil. . . but which on the contrary has included vegetable oils other than olive. . . and animal fats such as tallow, in a substantial amount. . ."

Listerine makers, questioned about its dandruff claims, responded: "It is recommended for removal of loose dandruff." The following came from the American Medical Association Bureau of Investigation: "The Listerine advertising on the dandruff feature is of the same kind as the Listerine advertising for halitosis and body odors—largely buncombe."

B. T. Babbitt was addressed about Bab-O. "You say that Bab-O is distinctly out of the class of scouring powders. . . different from anything else. Why is this true? Please give scientific reasons." The inconsequential answer was: "Because it contains other ingredients besides soap powder, volcanic ash, and moisture."

Ever-Ready Razor Blades are claimed to be "the perfect blade." I wrote for laboratory tests to prove this. "We regret that we do not make public the records of our laboratory."

Only four advertisers backed their printed sales-talk with probable fact; the others made no serious attempt to do so.

I submit the above survey as a fair test of the ethics and purpose of this modern art. It omits the wild exaggerations of cigarette, automobile, and cosmetic advertising; it does not go down into the lower depths of the tabloids, the snappy-story magazines, the billboards, or into direct mail advertising. It is a brief cross-section of so-called national advertising in our better-class magazines and contains, it seems to me, an appalling indictment of American business honesty.

The American Merchant Marine

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (September, '27)

Robert Dollar

THE SUBJECT of the American merchant marine is so closely related to foreign trade that the two cannot be separated.

From the early years of our history until about 1860, American ships carried practically the entire American trade. This was helped by a preferential tariff. But immediately after the Civil War there was a terrible slump, and by 1890 only 12.9 percent of our trade was carried in American ships. In 1900 the proportion was 9.3 percent, and in 1914 it was down to .97 percent—practically extinct.

The Seamen's Act was the principal factor in producing this last result. By its requirements an American ship of a certain size, for instance, had to carry 47 men whose wages were \$3270; while a British steamer of practically the same size had a crew of 40 men whose wages were \$1308, and a Japanese steamer carried 36 men and paid \$777 in wages.

Another difficulty is that the measurement of American ships is very much larger than the measurement of ships of other nations. What difference does that make? This—whenever the American ship goes into a foreign port she has to pay pilotage, harbor dues, and so forth, assessed on her tonnage, and this amounts to 20 or 30 percent more than for her foreign competitors. This is of absolutely no benefit, but a direct loss, to the American nation. Foreign ships entering an American port are measured by the American standard, and pay the same tolls as American ships in American ports, which is quite right and just.

Our Government, during the war, built about 100 ships according to a certain specification. The British measurement of these ships was 3420; the American measurement was 4283—a

difference of 863 tons, or approximately 25 percent. To illustrate again: I took the tonnage of three British, three Norwegian, two Danish, and two German ships. Their combined net tonnage under the measurements of the various countries was 30,555. All those ships were measured under the American rule and the tonnage was 41,142, a difference of 34 percent. The Dollar round-the-world ships entering Shanghai have to pay \$1932 in dues. A similar foreign ship would pay about \$500 less. General Goethals stated that the ordinary American ship passing through the Canal had to pay \$500 more than the ships of other nations.

We have not one shipowner in Congress to see that our laws are just and fair, whereas there are about 70 shipowners in the British Parliament. Fortunately many Congressmen and Senators have lately been posting themselves on shipping requirements, and perhaps in the not too distant future we may be able to operate ships on the same terms as our foreign competitors.

Our merchant marine is a necessity for national defense. If our laws and regulations had been fair we would have had enough ships when we entered the World War, and the Government need not have expended three billion dollars in building a merchant fleet. When the war broke out Great Britain did not have to build a merchant ship. When President Roosevelt ordered our battle fleet to go around the world, it was absolutely impossible to furnish it with coal without employing foreign ships. Secretary Metcalf had to do this, and at the time was severely criticized by people who did not know the facts.

Now foreign trade has this advantage over domestic trade: goods sold abroad bring back to this country gold, or, far

better, raw materials for our factories. Our domestic trade is a swapping of commodities within the country, and the nation at large is not bettered.

For instance, our ships had difficulty in getting cargoes from the Philippine Islands. I found that copra could be got in large quantities, and developed the trade by shipping a cargo to the west coast of America. This was the first copra ever sent to that part of the United States. Fifteen years later, the export of copra per annum from the Philippines to the Pacific Coast amounted to \$22,000,000, a great benefit to both countries. Without foreign trade our factories would be idle one third of the time each year, and our farmers would be unable to dispose of the large surplus which can not be consumed in this country.

Last year Congress made it necessary to pay 50 percent duty on all repairs done on American ships in foreign countries. This very heavy tax no other nation in the world has to pay. Our inspection service further demands that a hydrostatic pressure shall be put on all our boilers once a year (oftener than other nations require), and that all repairs and work ordered by inspectors must be done before the ship is permitted to sail. Foreign ships get a certificate of inspection, stating that certain repairs must be made at the first opportunity, but the ship is not delayed. Our Seamen's Act requires us to pay the crew half their wages in every port, if the ports are one week apart. Most sailors consequently return to the ship drunk, causing a big loss of time and much expense. Scores of incidents of this kind could be given.

Shipowners are striving hard to regain part of our carrying trade that foreign nations have been receiving. The Shipping Board, appreciating the difficulty of ship owners, adopted the policy of disposing of Government-owned tonnage to private corporations on terms liberal enough to warrant their competition with foreign ships. This policy has proven most beneficial to American shipping, and through the assistance of the Board we were able to purchase a fleet of American combination freight and passenger vessels which were placed

in the round-the-world service some four years ago.

The United States was the first nation to do this and is now the only one maintaining such a passenger service. Up to the present 90 ships have completed the round trip, calling at 22 ports of 11 nations, and sailing on time from every port. All shipowners, before this service was started, said that it could not be done. We are running in direct competition with the British, French, and Japanese mail subsidized steamers, and from Singapore on we have had to carry American mail for nothing to compete successfully with subsidized British ships. We have managed to make an arrangement with the Egyptian Government to carry its mail, and also with the Italian Government. These payments help us a great deal.

As to the benefits which shipowning brings to the country: Last year we spent in wages and supplies alone \$15,000,000. We provide a weekly sailing from the Pacific Coast to the Far East, and this new and improved service has developed business amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. We own 17 large American passenger steamers. These have to be replaced every 20 years. This means that we must spend about \$6,000,000 (the cost of one ship) each year, and practically all this amount goes to labor in our country. Then the development of foreign trade is so important that it is impossible to think out what it will be many years hence.

Congress should treat shipowners exactly the same as the governments of the various nations treat their shipowners—namely, pay the same compensation for carrying the mail and make our laws and regulations exactly the same as those of our competitors. And when this is done I can assure our country that American shipowners can and will operate a merchant marine for all our requirements, in peace or war, and in competition with the whole world. Give us no advantage whatever, but just put us on an exact equality, and we will make a success of it as well as they. And, outside of payment for carrying the mail, it will not cost our country a cent.

Ice That Melts to a Gas

Condensed from *The Scientific American* (September, '27)

D. H. Killefer

CAN you imagine obtaining cold from a moth ball? Probably not; certainly the penetrating odor would not appeal to your esthetic sense as a thing to be mixed with food. Yet if camphor and naphthalene evaporated faster and were less odorous, they might very well be used in the ice box. The newest portable refrigerant, carbon dioxide, has, like these chemicals, the valuable property of evaporating directly from a solid crystalline mass to a gas. In its heat absorbing evaporation (a correct way of saying that it produces cold) it passes from a solid to a gas without becoming a liquid in the meantime, or leaving any residue.

Solid carbon dioxide, produced by mechanically freezing the same gas which imparts "fizz" to soda water, evaporates rapidly enough to be a useful cold producer. It possesses no odor and produces no harmful effect on food. Pound for pound it absorbs much more heat in evaporating than ordinary ice does in melting, and there is no water or other liquid to be drained away from the cooled space.

This new and convenient kind of very cold ice is the latest thing to send a shiver of apprehension up the spine of the refrigerating industry. The tremor caused by the introduction of mechanical refrigerators into the family ice box has hardly died out when this other, which may be more serious, is started on its way. Ice makers quieted the first fearful chill by the comforting thought that ice could be carried from place to place much more easily than a mechanical contrivance for making it, so that a large and growing part of their business, refrigeration of perishables in transit, would not be bothered. But that cannot be said of carbon dioxide, which is in most respects just like ordinary ice.

When tons of this new ice are being made and used every day; when by its use so perishable a commodity as ice cream can be economically transported from New York to the warm climate of Cuba in such large quantities as to bring the threat of an embargo on its import; and when carloads of frozen fish can be shipped by rail on a five days' journey without re-icing and without thawing, one must recognize that the elements of revolution in another industry are present.

An ancient recipe for rabbit stew began with the wise injunction to catch the rabbit first. That is a proper description of the making of solid carbon dioxide, for, although there is no other single waste of industry that is comparable to the huge tonnage of carbon dioxide daily vented from our chimneys, there are few more difficult to "catch". After washing soot and impurities out of ordinary flue gas with water, carbon dioxide may be absorbed in a cold solution of sodium or potassium carbonate. Heating this solution under pressure releases the pure gas, which can then be liquefied by cooling and compressing to 1100 or so pounds per square inch.

The difficulty in this process is that it requires more energy by nearly 200 percent than can be obtained from the coke that is burned to produce the carbon dioxide. In other words, the burning of coke produces three times as much carbon dioxide as the heat generated by it will serve to compress and liquefy. That is the reason why power plants cannot now recover from their flues this increasingly valuable waste.

Having the liquid, there is no trouble about getting the solid. All one needs to do is to allow the liquid to escape through a small orifice and catch the

snow as it is formed. For longer than anyone cares to remember, it has been a standard demonstration in most classes of chemistry to invert a cylinder of carbon dioxide and allow the liquid to escape through the opened valve into a canvas bag. Afterward it is found that the bag contains a very cold snow of pure carbon dioxide. In present commercial practice, the principle employed is exactly the same, with the exception that the snow is compressed into solid blocks.

The growing necessity for transporting perishable foodstuffs over long distances, requiring several days by rail, has led to the development, in the United States, of extensive systems of refrigerator cars, based naturally upon water ice, and along with this need has come the further need of frequent re-icing stations for cars en route. With a huge potential market for a thing of the kind already in existence, and with methods of application developed to the point of already making competition possible with ice, the possibilities of the new industry are very great. One pound of solid carbon dioxide can be made to serve the same purpose as 15 pounds of ice in producing temperatures below freezing. Since its cost on the present limited scale of production is only about 10 times that of ice, there is reason to expect much from it as expansion in manufacture brings its price down.

The evaporation of the solid carbon dioxide directly to a gas has a peculiar value, of which advantage is taken in refrigeration practice. The atmosphere of the refrigerated space is constantly replaced by fresh, pure, cold, dry, carbon-dioxide gas, which is quite harmless to products stored in it and is indeed considered to be an actual preservative of many foodstuffs. Each pound of snow evaporated yields about eight cubic feet of gas, which is allowed to fill the refrigerated space and overflow from vents situated as near the top as practicable. In this way any accumulation of odors in the stale air which would be confined within an ordinary refrigerator is avoided, and in addition, the heat leaking through the walls is

absorbed and vented along with the gas overflow.

In spite of its very low temperature—the internal temperature of a block of carbon-dioxide snow in an atmosphere of the same gas is about 112 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—the product is remarkably long-lived under most practicable conditions. The explanation of this slow evaporation appears to be the presence within the cake itself of gas-filled voids making up about one fourth of its volume and the formation all around it of an insulating layer of cold gas. The heat conductivity of the somewhat porous block is very low as compared with a solid block such as one of water ice, and hence it is difficult for heat to penetrate it. The blanket of cold gas constantly surrounding the evaporating block prevents its contact with the warm air, and possibly even its direct contact with the solid upon which it may rest.

Where low temperatures must be maintained, as in the transportation of frozen commodities, salt must be used with water ice to produce temperatures below the customary one of 50 degrees Fahrenheit. This involves additional labor and reduces the efficiency of the refrigerant. With carbon dioxide, temperatures as low as -40 or -50 degrees Fahrenheit may be attained with reasonable efficiency.

Indeed, probably the most important field for carbon-dioxide ice is in those temperatures below the melting point of ice so often required in commerce, as in the transportation of frozen meats, fish, and ice cream.

The most spectacular use of solid carbon dioxide, which is not at all competitive with any other refrigerant, is the cooling of small parcels of ice cream in paper containers, to be sent by mail or otherwise carried for considerable distances. The weight of the refrigerant is small, its rate of evaporation slow, the product of its cooling action is a harmless gas instead of a more or less disagreeable liquid, the weight of the container is small, and it is capable of keeping the contents of the package cold for as much as 36 or 40 hours without difficulty.

The "Thing" in Families

Condensed from The Outlook (September 7, '27)

Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitney

THE children of small families are supposed to have a great advantage over those of large ones, especially if the income is small. They can go to a private school; travel more; have more books, etc. Another widespread belief is that the more successful people are, the less likely they are to have children. Both of these ideas are untrue. They are believed simply because nobody has taken the trouble to investigate. Here are some of the facts:

There graduated from Yale in the classes of 1922 to 1926, 800 students of native white American parentage who were the sons of college graduates and came from a fairly homogeneous social level. In five different lines of activity the students from the larger families systematically excel the others.

1. *In the classroom.* The 30 boys from families of six or more children forge far ahead of the 100 who are the only children of their parents. Those from families of two to five children also surpass only-child sons.

2. *In extracurricular activities other than athletics* the degree of activity increases notably in the families of five or more children. Such children rub up against one another, get their corners knocked off, learn to take part in group activities, become skilled in adapting themselves to other people, and thereby are fitted for leadership.

3. *In athletics*, too, the bigger the family, the greater the average boy's success. The rough-and-tumble play of one small boy with another is the best preparation for college athletics. Moreover, as a rule, large families of any given social grade have better health and greater physical vigor than small families. Where there is only one child in a family the reason is often found in the parent's lack of physical vigor.

4. *In senior votes.* At Yale the seniors cast votes for the men most likely to succeed in life. Although largely an indication of popularity, the men who get many votes do tend to be successful later in life. The Yale classes of 1922-26 gave at least a third more votes, proportionately, to their classmates from families of four or more children than to those from the smaller families. The free-for-all of a large family makes children good mixers and leaders, and more competent and agreeable than the petted only sons in families of one or two children.

5. *In college earnings.* The earnings of students while in college who come from families of six or more average six times as great as those who are the parents' only children. Yet the men from the big families have time, energy, and ability to surpass the men from the one-child families in every other phase of college activity. In short, a boy's handicap in college seems to be almost proportional to the smallness of the family from which he comes.

The foregoing applies also to the Yale students whose parents have not been to college, with one exception. Among these students: the smaller the family, the higher the rank. This seeming contradiction is due to the fact that the parents of such students belong to a wide range of social levels. As we go down in the social scale the general degree of ability declines, while the size of families increases. Such being the case, the best minds naturally come from the smaller families. Nevertheless in everything except purely intellectual activity the men from the larger families have the advantage.

This advantage is shown when we divide the Yale classes of 1893, 1896, and 1898 into eight groups: (1) un-

married, (2) married but childless, (3) married, with one child, etc., up to (8) married, with six children or more. In the classroom the men who remain unmarried ranked lowest of all; those married but with no children come next; then those married and with one child. All the other groups succeeded decidedly better in the classroom.

In extracurricular activities, the relation between success in college and the size of a man's family becomes clearer than ever. There is an almost steady increase in success from the unmarried men to the men with six or more children. This implies that a relatively large percentage of the college men who remain unmarried, or who have no children though married, are relatively deficient in the physical vigor which makes athletes and in the qualities which make men leaders in extracurricular activities and in life. On the other hand, the men who later have reasonably large families comprise a high percentage whose college careers evince physical vigor, push, energy, originality, and at least a fair degree of intellectuality.

The age at which men marry is closely correlated with the number of their children. Among the married men of our three Yale classes this age varies systematically from not quite 27 years among the men who have six or more children up to 33 among those who remain childless. This difference of six years is symptomatic of the fact that men who are physically, mentally, and morally sound are not only more eager to marry than are the opposite types, but are more attractive to women, and more likely to be well established in their life-work, and hence able to support children, at a fairly early age.

The most significant of our comparisons is based on success in life as determined by the opinions of five or more classmates. On an average, the unmarried men are the least successful; those who are married but have no children succeed a little better. The man with one child succeeds somewhat better, and so on until the most successful group comprises those with six or more children. The differences among the fathers having three or more children

are slight though systematic, but below that the differences are pronounced. Of course, some of the best men in every class fall in each group, but on an average there are many more unsuccessful men among the unmarried and childless than among those who have a number of children. The idea that successful people have few children finds no support whatever among Yale graduates.

Let us divide our Yale graduates into ten equal groups according to their degree of success in life. Among the most successful tenth no less than 95 percent are married, while the percentage gradually declines to only 66 among the least successful. Eighty percent of the most successful group have children, and only 40 percent of the least successful. Among the most successful, about 40 percent have at least three children, but among the least successful only 10 or 15 percent have. Among the most successful tenth, the average number of children *per graduate* is 2.4; among the least successful tenth, only about 0.8.

At our suggestion, Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Harvard, conducted a similar inquiry in respect to 1900 Harvard graduates, with results exactly like ours. (Harvard figures are given, very closely corresponding to the Yale results).

No matter whether we study lawyers, business men, bankers, professors, or any other group, the most successful are the most likely to marry, to have children, and to have a considerable number of children. The evidence is so overwhelming and so unanimous that it presumably applies, not only to all college graduates, but to every group which is socially homogeneous, especially in the upper classes.

When we combine all this with our discoveries as to the advantages of the sons of large families, it seems clear that the popular notions as to the size of families among successful people, and as to the advantages of small families, are completely erroneous. The error probably arises from the obvious fact that the upper classes have small families and the lower classes large families. We have overlooked the equally important, but less conspicuous

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Remarkable Remarks

Excerpts from The Independent

A GENERATION ago there were a thousand men to every opportunity, while today there are a thousand opportunities to every man.—*Henry Ford.*

Most men, when they think they are thinking, are merely rearranging their prejudices.—*Knut Rockne.*

I wish every immigrant could know that Lincoln spent only one year in school under the tutelage of five different teachers, and that that man still could be the author of the Gettysburg address.—*Dr. John H. Finley.*

A Ford will run whenever a quorum of its parts is present.—*F. L. Warner.*

So far as I remember, nobody ever asked whether the bathing beauty could swim.—*Henry Ruggles.*

The man who hides behind a woman's skirt today is not a coward; he's a magician.—*Lord Dewar.*

Just as duelling was stopped by public opinion, so, when we are really resolved to stop war, wars will cease.—*Lord Cecil.*

All I can see in modern dancing is that one person seems to be trying to impede the progress of one of the opposite sex.—*Arthur Balfour.*

All education does today is to develop the memory at the expense of the imagination.—*Owen Johnson.*

The mind is like the stomach. It is not how much you put into it that counts, but how much it digests.—*Albert Jay Nock.*

Rembrandt painted about 700 pictures—of these 3000 are in existence.—*Dr. Wilhelm Bode.*

When I was young, leisure for a woman was impossible. She had hardly time really to nag her husband as her husband ought to be nagged.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

I have a cure for homesickness that never will fail. It is made up of ten rules: Get out of your room and go out among the people and perform one kind act, ten times.—*Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.*

The average American home is no longer a harbor and a haven, but rather a mere place of debarkation.—*George Jean Nathan.*

The tabloids make eavesdroppers of reporters, sensual meddlers of journalists, and reduce the highest ideals of the newspaper to the process of fastening a camera lens to every boudoir keyhole.—*Aben Kandel.*

To feel the right emotions is fully as important as to hold the right ideas, and the great service of religion is the development of the right emotions.—*Geoffrey Parsons.*

The pace and range of modern life are reducing even domestic love to the status of a quick-lunch counter.—*Rosita Forbes.*

The person who does not get the least bit nervous at the prospect of stepping on a stage will never move an audience to wild ecstasy.—*Amelita Galli-Curci.*

The "backward" South is no more backward than much of New England.—*Don C. Seitz.*

The Puritans were great people and we owe much to them. But they made some mistakes, and one of these was their gloomy and severe idea of keeping Sunday. That idea did much harm to religion.—*Bishop Manning.*

A genius is a man who takes the lemons that Fate hands him and starts a lemonade stand with them.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

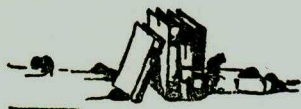
Time is really the only capital that any human being has, and the one thing that he can't afford to lose.—*Thomas Edison*.

Music is not a drug, but a diet.—*Sir Henry Hadow*.

Ease in youth is the mother of degeneracy.—*Montaville Flowers*.

A man may have an unworthy pride in his ancestry, but when he undertakes to do something of which his descendants ought to be proud, he is on the right track.—*William Lawrence*

Most indecent books are so stupid that in order to get them read it is necessary to denounce them.—*Thomas Masson*.



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fact that *within any given level of society* the reverse is true—the successful people tend not only to come from the large families, but to have relatively large families themselves.

Of course, it is true that many of the finest people are unmarried or childless. The point of the problem, however, lies in the *percentage* of the best men who fall in each of our groups.

The larger the number of children from the higher social levels, the more certain we can be that both husband and wife are physically strong and nervously sound. That in itself is a great help to success. Moreover, parents whose equable, dependable temperaments help them to succeed in the world are also able to get along well with one another and with their children. They are much more likely to avoid the divorce court and to desire four to six children than are people who are irritable and erratic. Altruism likewise helps people to succeed in life, and also favors large families. Thus many qualities which promote success in life also promote large families.

One intensely practical result of all

this is that, because of our present system of freedom as to whether we will marry, combined with birth control, the upper classes are being sorted, sifted, and improved with extraordinary rapidity.

Another is that we must completely abandon the modern idea that it is "the thing" to have small families. Among the upper classes, provided we deal in averages, the people who have families of three or more children almost immeasurably excel the others in practically every kind of real success. Moreover, the children born in the large families reap inestimable advantages.

Hence, the desirability that people with a fine inheritance physically, mentally, and morally should have an average of four to six children, not only for the sake of society, but for the sake of the children. Such tends to be actually the case, in spite of the common supposition to the contrary. But this tendency needs to be strengthened in order that children of the right type may be so numerous that their kind will not only be preserved, but will increase in relative numbers, thus giving the world a larger and larger proportion of high-souled leaders.

The Fifteen Finest Short Stories

Condensed from The Forum (September, '27)

John Cournos

I HAVE been asked to name the 15 finest short stories ever published—a big job! . . . At the outset it would be well to define a short story, and the limits within which one's choice is made.

Without such restrictions as I intend to impose on myself, I should off hand name the parable of the Prodigal Son and that marvelous story of the widow of Ephesus as the two best short stories ever written. The first every one knows. For the benefit of those to whom Petronius is not available I shall give here the gist of the second.

This famous lady of Ephesus had a wonderful reputation for marital fidelity and such an ado she did raise when her husband died! For days she remained in the tomb beside the coffin of her husband and did wail and lament. One night a soldier, who was guarding the bodies of three crucified thieves, saw a light shining in the tomb and, curious to see what was going on, he descended into the tomb and saw a woman whose beauty made him stand still. After a great deal of suasion, she, who had been fasting, consented to eat and ultimately she was persuaded to surrender her virtue. All this took place in the vault before the coffin of her husband. Then, to his dismay, the soldier discovered that one of the crucified bodies had been stolen and he did not know what to do. Here comes the supreme touch of the tale-teller's craft. The suggestion came from the woman: why not hang the now useless body of her husband on the vacant cross? This was done, and the soldier escaped punishment.

Such is the bald plot of one of the most famous stories in the world. Some will say it is cynical. But nowadays cynicism

is too often confused with irony, and irony is a salient characteristic of nearly all great short stories of all times.

Now, in this tale by Petronius we see a single episode rising by rapid gradations of emotion and drama to the ultimate moment,—but for which the story would have lost its whole force. The story lives for its culmination, its one high light, which irony makes possible. By virtue of its finality, equal to that of a brief lyric poem, it is a short story,—and not a novel, which lives on development, on the bridging of gaps between several episodes. It stands the ultimate test because it can not undergo any transmutation into the longer form. On analysis, fine as the Prodigal Son is, it can stand no such test; for it is easy to conceive the same theme treated as a full-fledged novel, as, indeed, has been done in one fashion or another.

Thus, the ideal short story is subject to its own laws. It is not merely a short novel, any more than a novel is an elongated short story. It is the right material fitted to the right form, a concentrated moment contained in a most concentrated shape. It is a culmination, not a cumulation, as in the novel.

I shall exclude here such tales as most obviously hover between novel and short story; as, for example, Tolstoy's *Master and Man*, Henry James's *Turn of the Screw*, Turgenev's *Torrents of Spring*, Ivan Bunin's *The Gentleman from San Francisco*,—all of them masterpieces, which no one should miss. I shall also exclude stories not generally available to the English-speaking public.

Now for my list, which I have not attempted to number in the order of greatness.

1. *Boule de Suif* (1880) by Guy de Maupassant. This first story by Maupassant is the greatest of all modern short stories. It has sharp characterization, faultless psychology, dramatic intensity, satirical humor, pathos, and more than enough pity to swamp that quality of irony which people wrongly call cynicism. Nothing can equal the tragic pathos of the final scene in which the poor woman, more sinned against than sinning, is so contemptibly treated by her fellow passengers after being goaded on by them to her sacrifice for their sakes. Without losing anything of objectivity, there is a high moral purpose in the story which was not lost even upon such an exacting critic as Tolstoy.

2. *The Hidden Masterpiece* (1831) by Honore de Balzac, sometimes translated as *The Unknown Masterpiece*. This story is the best creative statement yet made of the conflict between life and art.

3. *The Procurator of Judaea* (1892) by Anatole France. Characteristic of the author and the best of its kind. Cultured, suave, ironical. Very delicate.

4. *The Overcoat* (1842) by Nikolai Gogol. This story is supposed to have given Russian fiction its direction. Pity and humor—"half and half". An extraordinary combination, the best example of "laughing through tears."

5. *Bontzye Shweig* (1894) by Isaac Perez. An eloquent story about a silent man, who is humble enough to illustrate the Christian doctrine that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Like Gogol, Perez has joined pity and humor in equal parts, with a masterpiece as the result.

6. *Telltale Heart* (1843) by Edgar Allen Poe. Much in little. Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* in microcosm. Truth (heart) stronger than reason.

7. *Torture by Hope* (1889) by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Is not the title enough? Are not we all tortured by hope?

8. *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*. (1899) by Maxim Gorky. An illustration to the text: "The light shineth in darkness." Here is an artist's conquest over materials. It is poetical in spite of squalor.

9. *The Abyss* (1902) by Leonid Andreyev. A powerful story which shows to what depths man, the idealist, may fall. In its way a symbol, if unintended, of civilized Europe in 1914.

10. *The Phantom Rickshaw* (1888) by Rudyard Kipling. The spell of India and its conquest of the Englishman. In one short story Kipling tells as much as E. M. Forster in his long novel, *A Passage to India*.

11. *The District Doctor* (1852) by Ivan Turgenev. The spell of Turgenev.

12. *Four Days* (1877) by Vsyevolod Garshin. All that needs to be said about war is here. Simple, direct, without intrusion of propaganda.

13. *The Triumph of the Egg* (1921) by Sherwood Anderson. A crazy story. I don't know why I like it, except that it has an element of timelessness. It might have been written about a man of 2000 years ago.

14. *The Funnel* (1927) by A. E. Coppard. You enter at the broad end (driven perhaps) and keep on going until it narrows to a point, where you can't go any further. Life is sometimes like that.

15. *The Darling* (1898) by Anton Chekhov. A wonderful story of a woman who can not live without having some one to care for.

I offer a final test: once read, these stories are never forgotten.

Blazing Publicity

Condensed from Vanity Fair (September, '27)

Walter Lippmann

CERTAIN inventions—radio, telegraphy, motion pictures—combined with the facilities of the great news gathering organizations have created an engine of publicity such as the world has never known before. But this engine has an important peculiarity. It does not flood the world with light. On the contrary it is like the beam of a powerful lantern which plays capriciously upon the course of events, throwing now this and now that into brilliant relief, leaving the rest in comparative darkness.

The really important experiments with the modern publicity machine have been made since the war. During the war the machinery was not sufficiently developed, and the censorship was too active. The non-combatants at home, therefore, never knew the war as they have since had an opportunity to know the precise behavior of Judd Gray when he testified in the Snyder case. The epoch-making events in the experimental stage of our modern publicity machine have been: the visit of the Prince of Wales, the death of Rudolph Valentino, the channel swimming of Gertrude Ederle *et al*, the amours of "Peaches" Browning, the Hall-Mills case, the Dempsey-Tunney fight, the Snyder case and the reception to Lindbergh. These events have really been reported, in the modern sense.

The publicity machine is after all a mechanical device. It can not have an automatic governor to regulate its use according to any standards of good taste. It will illuminate whatever we point it at. If we point it at the "Peaches" Browning affair, it will ruthlessly flood the consciousness of men with swinishness. Point it at Lindbergh and it will transfigure the mundane world with young beauty and unsullied faith.

The machine itself is without morals, taste, prejudice, or purpose. It is guided by men—newspaper men. They are the watchers who scan the horizon constantly looking for the event which may become the next nine days' wonder. They set the special writers and the batteries of photographers hurrying to the scene of action. If they have picked a sensation which the public finds fascinating, the lead is taken up by the moving picture people, the broadcasting stations, and the Mayor's committee on the reception of distinguished visitors.

The public interest works somewhat mysteriously, and newspapermen have no very clear conception as to just what will go down and what won't. We know that the best sensations involve some mystery, as well as love and death, but in fact we work on intuitions and by trial and error. We know that sensations have to be properly timed for the public cannot concentrate on two sensations at the same time. It is no use trying to tell the public about the Mississippi flood when Ruth Snyder is on the witness stand. These excitements have to be taken in series with a certain interval of quiet during which public attention can relax and refresh itself for the next exertion.

Some weird devices have been developed for stimulating the interest of readers whose imaginations do not soar unaided. For the literate who cannot quite translate words into visual images there is now the synthetic photograph made by scissors, paste, and hired models. It tells a story, if not the story, almost without words. But above all there is the personal narrative which gives the illusion of intimacy. It is, of course, rarely written by the person involved: by the ladies who are still dripping wet

from their channel swim, by the ladies waiting for the electric chair.

The competition is fierce, and the rules are few. The worst cases, the ones which have really aroused protest, are based on court proceedings. It is here that we have all gone mad. The ordinary rules of libel and laws about decency do not prevail apparently where the pretense can be employed that only matters of court record are being published.

The suit against Charlie Chaplin furnished a striking example. The unproved allegations of his wife's lawyers, having become a matter of record, could be published to the world without fear of punishment for the outrage, and without adequate remedy to Mr. Chaplin himself. The whole proceedings in divorce cases are essentially private matters, certainly as to details; and we may be driven to follow the recent English law which forbids the publication of all the juicy scandal, and confines the report of a divorce case to the barest legally relevant facts.

In murder trials the thing has also gotten altogether out of hand. It is a scandal to have a trial conducted to an accompaniment of comments by celebrities who take the case out of the hands of the judge and jury, and render a daily verdict at so much per column on the precise guilt of the defendant. Justice cannot be done if this is to be the normal atmosphere of great trials.

There is no way of imagining where the modern publicity machine will take us. We do not know, for example, what the consequences will be of attempting to conduct popular government with an electorate which is subjected to a series of disconnected, but absolutely absorbing, hullabaloes. We do observe that through them all the important and prosaic affairs of mankind, government and diplomacy and education are rather completely ignored by the participating crowd.

One wonders with some anxiety what would happen if some day the lights of this engine were suddenly set blazing upon our sectional and our sectarian irritations, or upon some great and

delicate controversy with a foreign power. For once the machine is running in high, it evokes a kind of circular intoxication in which the excitement about the object of it all is made more furious by fresh excitement about the excitement itself.

The light we now throw on events can burn as well as heal, and somehow we shall have to learn to apply it gingerly. The question is whether we can. The perfecting of the machinery will not wait upon our acquiring the wisdom we need in the use of the machine itself.

The theory behind the process, which is no doubt correct, is that a great population under modern conditions is not held by sustained convictions and traditions, but that it wants and must have one thrill after another. Perhaps the appetite was always there. But the new publicity engine is peculiarly adapted to feeding it. We have yet to find out what will be the effect on morals and religion and popular government when the generation is in control, which has had its main public experiences in the intermittent blare of these sensations. There is something new in the world of which we can but dimly apprehend the meaning.

That it means the turning away of popular interest from a continuing interest in public affairs seems fairly clear. Personally, I am inclined to ask myself whether in view of the technical complexity of almost all great public questions, it is really possible any longer for the mass of voters to form significant public opinions. The issues are not understandable to anyone who will not give extraordinary effort to studying them. The usual rhetoric of politics has in the meantime gone stale, and it cannot begin to compete in vividness and human interest with the big spectacles of murder, love, death, and triumphant adventure which the new publicity is organized to supply. The management of affairs tends, therefore, once again to rest in a governing class, a class which is not hereditary, which is without titles, but is none the less obeyed and followed.

The Day After Tomorrow

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (September '27)

Sir Philip Gibbs

MANY men believe that we are moving slowly and steadily to a new era of human well-being. We are securing better sanitation for backward countries, faster communication between nations, better machinery for the world's workers, a higher standard of life. Perhaps we are getting a higher standard of morality here and there in spite of disconcerting wars, murders, cruelties, crimes and vices. Science promises us longer life, new opportunities of intelligent cooperation, wonderful new playthings like television, and the glory of the Air Age. How good to be born in this year 1927!

Science, it seems, is going to give these Children of Progress a better chance than we had. They will not suffer so much, perhaps, from the limitations and wretchedness of life caused by social injustice, evil conditions of labor, the denial of decent reward for honest toil, anxieties due to the insecurities of old age.

They may escape from the fetters of a traditional education, which is already being abandoned here and there. They will play about with physics and chemistry, instead of with leaden soldiers and teddy bears. They will be awakened very quickly to the great adventure of knowledge, instead of having it thrust upon them as a dull damned thing. Perhaps they will even rid themselves of the disharmonies of sex which create such conflict in young minds, because they will be endowed with a more spiritual or mental control of instinct and a greater sympathy around them from older understanding minds. They may be greatly helped by a new knowledge of psychology and the influence of the mind over the body.

Unfortunately the future holds prospect of disturbing elements. A dozen nations, for example, are involved in the crisis in China. I discussed the matter with a scientist, and he said grimly, "The yellow peril is coming unpleasantly near! You see, we are apt to ignore some facts. We take our white domination of the world as God's command. A thousand years ago the white race didn't even hold the whole of Europe; 400 years ago we had secured Europe, but the colored races ruled the rest of the world. Now, since the industrial era and the invention of explosives, one-third of the world's inhabitants—the whites—rule eight-ninths of that part of the world inhabited by the colored peoples. Is it likely to last, when we make the mistake of teaching them to use modern weapons and sell them our old war stocks and surplus ammunition?"

I remembered the native troops brought over from India and Africa to fight in France; the Chinese coolies who handled our shells. The French have raised big black and brown Armies in Africa, teaching them how to fight the white enemies of France. Are they sure of their fidelity? *They are not sure.* And the ideas of nationhood, independence from white rule, self-government, are stirring across the Egyptian desert, and from Mesopotamia to Persia, and through India.

The possibility of a struggle of existence between the white and colored races casts a gloom over the hopes of scientists, I find. "Look at India," said a bacteriologist to me. "By our sanitary and agricultural improvements India has been able to add 109 millions to its population between 1872 and 1911. Africa is beating India in increase—

prodigious!—while Europe goes in for birth control for economic reasons. All this means the inevitable decline of white power."

It means also, according to some authorities, that the world is approaching a new struggle for existence which may be the grimmest thing in history. The world's population is increasing faster than its food supplies. The United States imports food already. England would starve in three months without food imports. Germany and other industrialized nations need food from other countries, and those other countries are beginning to need all they can raise.

It is possible, of course, to bring new areas of the earth under cultivation, and to intensify food production by scientific methods. The problem may thus be solved, provided there is a check to the growth of population and the prevention of world wars by intelligent cooperation—a proviso wholly doubtful according to our present measure of intelligence.

Machine-driven industry in almost every nation is being intensified and the cities are draining the fields of human labor. This developing industrialism is already causing international friction and rivalry with only one possible result—war—if it goes to its logical conclusion. The factories in every country are turning out the *same kind* of goods. And they are not satisfied with supplying their own internal needs. They are putting up tariff walls against each other's goods, yet all of them are trying to invade other countries with their own goods so as to increase their wealth and power. The speeding machines are driving nations into deadly rivalry.

Scientists are also afraid of the increased power which is coming into their hands. Will the genius of man, for instance, ever liberate atomic energy? If so, and if it were used for destruction it would destroy the human race. The ideals of men have not kept pace even with the powers now at their command.

Such thoughts, perhaps, are accountable for a wave of melancholy spreading over the Western world since the World

War, and expressed poignantly by many deep thinkers in different nations. This pessimism has found expression in pictorial art which denies beauty; in drama which goes to brutality and vice for its pictures of life; in music which revolts against the melody and rhythm of former ages; and it is stated starkly by novelists, essayists and philosophers. It is a pessimism which pervades the intellectual life of Europe with the spirit of despair.

Is all this true, or is it only the dark illusion of morbid minds? I cannot pretend to disbelieve that some of these dangers lie ahead. But I believe that the human mind is not incapable of finding a way out.

It is almost certain, according to historical laws, that population will fall gradually to the level of its means of subsistence. From all evidence we seem to be reaching the limit of furious machine-made competition. Nations will have to be more self-supporting and not dependent on export trade, though the transition stage will perhaps be tragic in many countries. It is right and natural for man to base his life upon the land, which is the source of real wealth. The disintegration of enormous cities and a more general return to the fields might be a blessing rather than a curse. The simplification of life with less needs and less luxuries may bring back happiness, which seems to have fled from many centers of our present civilization.

By acknowledging the rights of the colored races, by a gradual withdrawal from old forms of domination according as colored peoples advance in possibilities of self-government, there may be friendly intercourse which will avoid world war. A spiritual understanding of other minds, racial instincts and needs of life may lead to a solution of many economic problems and causes of conflict.

I do not yet see many signs of improvement in human intelligence or in man's spiritual nature. But we have the possibility within ourselves of improving both our manners and our minds. Upon that possibility depends the fate of civilization and all that makes life good to us.

The Cave of the Magic Pool

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (September, '27)

John C. Merriam, President, Carnegie Institution of Washington

THE story of life as it comes to us through the ages must in certain cases be built upon fragments. . . . We were examining in California every suggestion of evidence that might lead to discovery of caverns in which remains of ancient life could be entombed. In searching for new clues we learned from Wintun Indians of a cave long known. Always the story was the same: a cave with a magic pool called "Samwel," that was visited for the potency of its water in bringing good fortune. Always it concluded with an account of three maidens who failed to obtain good luck at the pool, and were told by a very aged woman of a second pool with stronger magic, lying in a remote chamber to escape discovery. In the course of a long search the three maidens came to a pit with sloping borders. One of them slipped; the others tried to save her, but she fell screaming into the darkness. They heard her "strike and strike again, and all was still."

The story of the cave of "Samwel" seemed promising, and plans were made to visit this locality in the hope that remains of ancient life might be discovered. Though it lay in a wild, unsettled region we found it without difficulty, about 16 miles above the mouth of the McCloud River. Nor was there difficulty in finding the first pool.

The second pool and the deep pit we did not find. Three expeditions failed in the search, though in the third we made heroic attempts and crawled through passages so narrow and tortuous as to seem impassable. After the last trial the exploring party returned to a base camp, leaving Mr. Furlong, one of its members, to investigate fossil deposits discovered near the main pool.

On the day following our return a message was received from Furlong. On

entering the cavern shortly after our departure he noticed a narrow ledge along the wall of the second chamber. Following this, he discovered a series of galleries not seen in earlier exploration. At the end of these passageways was a pit with sloping borders. Rough measurement indicated an approximate depth of 90 feet. After transmitting word to me, Furlong had returned to drill two deep holes in the rock so placed that steel drills in them could support a rope ladder. The day after I arrived, we carried an improvised 100-foot ladder with some difficulty to the edge of the pit, and fastened it firmly to the drills. A few pieces of burning paper were dropped into the well to make sure that the air was safe for breathing. Then we drew straws for choice as to order of descent. Furlong won and elected to go first.

As he descended, he described the cavern opening to the light of his candle. "It widens as I go down," he said, "from a diameter of 10 feet at the top to a great chamber below. And here as the ladder begins to hang free is a projecting spine of rock that thrusts between the ropes and makes climbing difficult." At last I heard the hobnails of his heavy shoes grate on the stone floor. It was a critical moment, as I waited to learn if the story of the Indian maiden was pure imagination. Suddenly, with voice raised by excitement, Furlong called up: "There's a mountain-lion at the foot of the ladder." And before I was able to act on this amazing information, he shouted: "It is a fossil mountain-lion embedded in the cave floor." Then, almost without pause, and with intonation indicating that he could hardly believe his eyes, came the words: "And here on the floor below the opening is the skeleton of the Indian maiden."

As quickly as possible I climbed down past the spine of rock, and into the great chamber. Swinging free at the bottom I almost stepped on the skull of the mountain-lion. A few feet beyond, Furlong was bending over a delicate human skeleton that lay huddled in a dark heap. The body had not moved from the spot where the girl crashed against the stone immediately under the opening. Only the bones and a film of black mould remained. The lapse of time had not been great enough to allow the lime deposited from dripping water to form a complete incrustation.

This was the end of the trail we had followed so long. We held our candles higher and looked about the cavern. Scattered about, wherever we looked, were skulls and parts of skeletons of many animals, some so deeply covered with lime as almost to merge with the floor. The mountain-lion nearby was heavily encased and cemented in the rock. Near the skeleton of the maiden was a large skull with gracefully curving horns. No head like it had been known to man before. Close by lay a creature with wide, sweeping ox-like horns—a type of animal then seen for the first time. Across the cave was a perfect skull of a bear, encrusted and cemented to the floor. No human had known this type, dead or alive. Spread before us was a veritable museum of ancient life, including also deer, squirrel, porcupine, racoon, fox, rabbit and many others. We wandered about, attracted by each new treasure, exhausting the means of expression that seemed adequate for this experience.

The remains on the cave floor represented a stage of ancient life previously unknown, long antedating the present fauna of northern California. We stood as if in the immediate presence of the past, long protected by these walls.

The remaining traces of organic material covering the skeleton of the maiden, and the incomplete lime incrustation, showed that she had come much more recently than the animals.

Many days thereafter were consumed in investigations. I was studying nooks and crannies in search of the original mode of entrance of these creatures.

For it seemed inconceivable that these large animals could have found their way in by the long dark galleries leading to the small aperture above; nor was there a piling up of skeletons immediately below the mouth of the pit such as would have occurred had the bodies fallen in. It seemed certain that there must have been some passageway which later changes had closed and sealed.

During the search there appeared, among skeletons of porcupine, gray fox, and the tooth of an extinct ground sloth in an extreme margin of the chamber, a human tooth. Instantly this raised a question: had man been present at the time the ground sloth and other animals now extinct had inhabited this region?

There was at least one other possibility. If the irregularly fractured end of this fragment should fit upon a broken tooth in the skeleton of the Indian maiden, its presence would be explained.

With the tooth in my hand I bent down and turned the skull till all the teeth were in view. A portion of one was missing. I placed my fragment against it. A slight twist and the surfaces seemed to melt together. No smallest roughness held them apart. There could be no doubt . . .

I saw it all. "She fell and struck, and struck again and all was still." I looked up at the sharp spine of rock projecting below the mouth of the pit. As if the drama were being re-enacted, I saw her strike in mid-air on that rock, a fragment of the tooth flew wide across the well—the body "struck again" upon the floor, "and all was still."

The Wintuns in the region told us that the maiden had perished in the pit between one and two hundred years before our coming. To them we gave the skeleton, which they entombed again with ceremony.

A year later, during the last stages of excavation, we made calculation as to the most likely connection between the cavern and the outer wall, and discovered an opening filled with earth and gravel. Cleared, it showed itself a passage which the animals could have used. Another of the mysteries of the cavern was solved.

Mad Movie Money

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (September, '27)

Welford Beaton

THEY selected "The Man Who Fights Alone" as the story that was going to bring Bill Farnum back to the screen. In it he is given to hallucinations. He imagines that his wife and his best friend are indulging in the hazardous delight of embracing each other in a canoe. To record this thought it was merely necessary to dissolve from his wrinkled eyebrows to the placid bosom of a lake, with a canoe floating beneath the tendrils of a weeping willow. Such a lake can be reached in half an hour from the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

But some genius in the organization decreed that Huntington Lake, 7000 feet in the High Sierras, must be the scene of the episode. Some 60 people and several tons of equipment travelled all night on a special train, and so reached Huntington Lake. Here a slight difficulty presented itself. There was no water in the Lake. There hadn't been any for three years. So, after hanging around for three days, the company re-entrained and climbed up and down the mountains to Lake Tahoe. Here there was water, water everywhere, but not a bite to eat: the party was a month ahead of the tourists. Finally a resort owner took the company in, and the weeping willow episode was shot. It could have been done as well at Hollywood.

Let us consider a brighter incident—how the Warner Brothers saved \$20. They wanted a cavalry charge in "Across the Pacific." A former cavalry officer offered to put the men and horses through their paces for \$25. Preposterous! said the Warner Brothers. They discovered that a man already working on the picture said he knew something about cavalry evolutions, and they offered him \$5 extra to handle the charge. Accordingly 250 men with horses, tents, and mess equipment were transported 40 miles to the scene of

action. All day the five-dollar-extra man tried to make an effective charge, but not a camera shot was fired. At night the horses and equipment were brought back to Hollywood. It had cost \$5000 and no picture was taken. But they saved the \$20!

Eric von Stroheim one day told Pat Powers that for \$300,000 a good picture could be made from "The Wedding March." Pat told Eric to shoot. Eric did. In three months he had shot away \$680,000 of Pat's money, and seemed to be about half done. After two weeks of sad contemplation he went at it again, and after five more months, had brought the slaughter up to \$1,000,000. "The Wedding March" is to be released in eight or nine reels. The first cutting reveals the fact that it has 60 reels of action, and there are a few more sequences that von Stroheim would like to take.

Lately Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gathered a superb cast, and shot several reels in technicolor, the most nearly perfect color photographs yet developed, for putting Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" on the screen. When more than half a million dollars had been spent they found that it had no story, and abandoned the whole thing. "Bellamy, the Magnificent" shortly joined it in the morgue, rather a trivial blunder since it wasted less than a quarter of a million dollars.

But sometimes the executives watch costs pretty closely. Take Julius Bernheim, for instance. In "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" Irving Thalberg had thought the story would be ready to shoot at a certain time, and hired Lon Chaney to go to work. Irving's thought cost Carl Laemmle \$27,000, the salary that Lon drew while waiting for the story to be prepared. Julius, as production manager had to try to save. For a certain tremendous night scene the

director called for 2400 men and women and enough lights to flood the big cathedral square. Julius went into conference with himself. Why so many lights? Think of the electricians! Think of the juice! Julius cut the order for lights in two.

When the huge crowd assembled and the director arrived, he asked with frigid politeness what the Hell was the matter with the lights. He soon found out. It took two nights to shoot that one-night job, and, among other things, some 2500 people had to be paid an average of \$6 each for the extra night.

The motion picture industry has plenty of brains, but they are throughout its system instead of in its head. It can be conducted with such amazing inefficiency simply because all losses are absorbed by the docile public. All that you pay in excess of 25 cents to see any picture you may regard as a sacrifice to the extravagance of its making. De Mille presents "The King of Kings" as a two-million-dollar picture. It really did cost that much, but what you see on the screen did not cost a quarter of the sum; the remainder is on the cutting room floor.

When Joseph M. Schenck, the greatest individual figure in pictures, produced "Dulcy," he first hired two very skillful writers to write the script. But they turned in an ineffective treatment and Schenck had to turn it over to two more specialists, Frances Marion and C. Gardner Sullivan. For what it was costing him he had a right to expect the finest work. Presently Sidney Franklin, one of the big directors, began to shoot. There was the line-up of talent; and yet none of them knew that the script turned in to make a seven reel picture contained 20 reels of action! The picture was run out to a hopeless length. Franklin in disgust declared he was through. Then Sullivan was called in again, and managed to piece together an indifferent picture by constructing a new story out of a few of the original pieces, and was later hailed as a remarkable chap for thus snatching poor "Dulcy" from the grave he had helped to dig!

Such wastefulness is not a matter solely between heads of companies and

their stockholders. The system is responsible for the fact that not more than one picture in 50 is worth seeing. Present producers, knowing that they have an arbitrary limit of from six to eight reels, feel that they must shoot a large number of reels and then cut to the desired length. The 14-reel "King of Kings" is a very poor picture because it is hacked from 64 reels that were shot. Producers will tell you that you cannot curb an artist and expect good work. That is not so. All art is curbed. The greatest artist is he who can tell most within the limits of his mode of expression.

But the industry has become a borrower, and the bankers will not be buffaloed forever. They will learn to stop lending two dollars to do the work of one, though no reform is possible while the present personnel controls the industry.

Because these men—Zukor, Lasky, Loew, Mayer, Fox, Schenck, Rowland, de Mille, and the Warner Brothers—are apprehensive of protest, a salary cut comedy was staged in Hollywood in June. It seems to have been born in the Paramount Building in New York, and it died all over Hollywood. Lasky arrived in Hollywood and announced that production costs were too high, and all salaries were to be cut. Other producers passed a resolution making the cut apply to the whole industry.

Hollywood blinked. Then it began to think. A ten percent cut in salaries would mean only a two percent reduction in production costs, a cost which is about 50 percent too high. The 48 percent waste was due to the brainless incompetence of their bosses! Then the storm broke. Actors, directors, and writers raised their voices so high that the producers were afraid the bankers and the world would find out their incompetence. They lowered their colors, cancelled the cut, and retreated with dignity manufactured by their press agents.

It merely shows how impossible it is for these producers, the most egotistical individuals and the most incompetent business men in the world, to cure their own inefficiency.

Diplomas for Sale

Condensed from McCall's Magazine (September, '27)

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

EDUCATION for grown-ups is a demand so genuine that the country is stirring itself mightily to meet it; and so new that few of us suspect how it is being exploited.

Right in our midst it forms a safe little corner where you can fleece your fellow man to the limit; lie like Munchausen; take thousands of dollars under false pretenses; outrage every principle of integrity. . . and still be quite sure that the policeman entering your street will only nod respectfully to you. Or if you are the other kind of man, you can conduct an excellently upright business and render a real public service. But in either case neither law nor public opinion knows enough about it all to distinguish you from the dirty crook.

Ever since, 25 years ago, two pioneers struck pay-dirt in the field of selling lessons, an ever increasing horde of bandits has poured into the field. The two pioneer organizations were excellent, efficient attempts to meet the need for educating grown-ups who had no time to go to school. One developed vocational schools; the other tried to feed the craving for culture. These proved the existence of unsuspected hordes of Americans who are *willing to pay money for a chance to learn something.*

Imagine how this wholly unexpected news electrified the professional adventurers of the country. These members of the fringe of society must have received it with ecstasy tempered by a wary incredulity of what seemed too good to be true.

"My cousin's father has struck it rich," one may imagine one saying to another. "Got a 'School of Memory.' Just puts ads in the paper about a course of lessons that'll fix up your memory so

you can say off the names in a telephone directory. And he'll send you the course, 12 lessons, for \$30 and correct your papers. Yes sir, and 5000 suckers a year fall for that bait, at \$30 per, paid in advance. And it only costs him a little bill of printing, and a little cheap help addressing envelopes and mailing out printed correction sheets. And he can't get pinched for it, no more than for preaching a sermon!"

How long do you think it would take the easy-money crowd to hie themselves to the flowery fields of selling education!

Or transpose into a slightly higher social scale. Two struggling young traveling salesmen are perched before a lunch counter.

"Ever know anybody that ran a law school?" asks one.

"Nope, never knew a lawyer in my life."

"I didn't say a lawyer. I said somebody that ran a law school. I know a fellow that's a salesman for a law school. He sells the course, same as you'd sell garters, and a lot more in it. It's his brother got up the law school. They charge \$95 for the course of lessons. A busted-up old lawyer copied out the lessons in one syllable words from a law book. They paid him \$500 for the job."

"How about the professors to correct the lessons? That must cut into the profits?"

"Professors nothing! Just two cheap clerks to mail out ready-made answers a week after they've sent the lessons. Of course there's a lot of salesmen and they pay them good money too. They've caught a cool thousand poor fish, and more coming every year. Almost \$95,000 a year to divvy fair between the

owner and the sales force! They're going to start an Electrical Engineering School pretty soon. How about joining up?"

How long do you think it would take two enterprising young men such as this to turn from tiresome selling of furniture polish and start a new Medical School conferring the degree of Bachelor of Microbiology?

My guess about the correspondence school situation is that the limit of the outrage is close at hand, and that the strong and honorable members of the new and useful profession must be about to rise up and defend themselves. The nightmare-like quality of the present situation is probably due to the fact that it is so new that most people don't dream of its existence.

Did you, for instance, have any notion that American citizens pay out \$70,000,000 a year for lessons through the mails? That this is as much as the combined school budgets of 14 states added together? And who gets it? In 1923 one of the larger correspondence schools signed a sworn statement that three quarters of one cent out of every dollar they took in, went to pay for the instruction given. The rest went to high-priced salesmen and promoters. The first correspondence school opened in 1891 with 115 students. About 2,000,000 students each year are now enrolled in correspondence schools, and that is *four times* the number of students in all the colleges, universities, and professional schools in the United States.

When 2,000,000 people in this country are looking for something they need, isn't it time to protect them from sharpers, and encourage the true, farsighted educators in the new field?

"But why this sudden stampede to learn something more?" we ask ourselves. "Is it one of these short-lived American fads?" No, it cannot be called that.

Part of the stampede had been caused by the transformation of industry. Every business has become complex, hard to understand and manage. Ma-

chines have become monstrously more complicated. Think of the specialized information suddenly demanded by our wide use of electricity—the garage man must know as much about it as the professor did 30 years ago. And who could keep the working man posted on these radical changes, so that he could advance in his trade? Who could teach him without his losing a day of the work which meant bread and butter for his family? He looked around him for help in the new crisis, and unless he lived in a city large and rich enough to run a night school (and even night schools were quite inadequate) there was no hand to save him except some advertised correspondence course in machinery or electricity. And this was true in every business enterprise from a grocery store to a mail-order house. Competition had become hotter, and the need for trained minds immeasurably greater. Everybody had to be more efficient and waste less time than formerly. Like magic, organized correspondence schools sprang up to meet the need, giving vocational and commercial instruction, some good, some bad, some indifferent. There was no weight of public opinion to restrain the sharpers.

Just as a standard of realistic ethics is being felt in the field of advertising, not imposed from without but growing up from within, whereby decent businesses try not to make exorbitant claims for their products, so it is pretty sure that the rotten members of the new profession will not long be allowed to befoul the splendid opportunity of the correspondence school—one of the neatest devices invented by democracy to keep its citizenry up to the necessary standard of information.

Not much, perhaps, can be done by the law in dealing with such an impalpable thing as the ability to give education, except to refuse charters to openly fraudulent "colleges." But why cannot the honest schools (and they are many) clean up the business by publicly stating what they have to offer, and where the money goes? Why wouldn't publicity do its usual cleansing work?

Beavertown Comes Back

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (August 20, '27)

Robert B. Vale

WITHOUT sounding of trumpets, many of the states are building up beaver colonies, to the end that the women folks may wear fine furs, that water flow can be better regulated, that natural trout streams can be restored, and that an interesting as well as valuable form of wild life can be preserved. Minnesota estimates that it has over 75,000 beavers. New York has about 25,000 under its protecting care; Maine estimates 20,000; Michigan, 10,000; Pennsylvania, which is new in the work, has something more than 4000.

A quarter of a century ago beavers were few and far between in the United States. There were less than a dozen in the entire Adirondack region of New York. They were almost extinct in Minnesota 15 years ago; there wasn't one of them in Pennsylvania ten years ago. It was the same old story of ruthless destruction by our grandfathers, who gave small thought to Nature and Nature's creatures. In the days of the fur trader, Atlantic-to-the-Pacific trappers sought the beaver because it was the most prized of all pelts. Nobody gave heed to the future any more than they did to the reckoning that was to follow the wholesale wiping out of virgin forests, of wild pigeons, of bison and of grayling.

The saving of the beaver to America can be credited to one man—Harry V. Radford. He had a law passed that prohibited the trapping of the animals in New York. An appropriation for the purchase of some Yellowstone Park beavers was made and 21 fine fellows were distributed in 1904. Now there are plenty of beavers in New York, with limited trapping allowed.

It has been estimated that where beaver colonies are well established and food plentiful, a natural doubling of numbers can be counted upon annually.

There is no merciless enemy of the beaver, now that the wolverine and the otter are almost extinct, and since man has turned guardian, the comeback of the beaver is a sprint. A few years hence beavers will become so plentiful in many states that in self-protection they will permit beaver trapping under restricted conditions. Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and other states have taken up the beaver as an ally of fish life and water conservation and as a future cash producer. The present generation of young folks are more familiar with the habits of the beaver than their fathers.

No other animal on the American continent is surrounded by so much tradition as the beaver. It held a high place in Indian lore. All the tribes associated it with the creation of the world, possibly on account of its industry and engineering skill.

Early in the trout season I ran across the most unusual bit of beaver engineering that I have ever seen—a series of three dams, showing the successive steps in the development of colony growth; revealing how and why the beaver does more to regulate flow of water than man can accomplish.

The lower dam had been fashioned by a pair of beavers introduced into the region by state game protectors. Picking a proper site, the two set to work. They knew their limitations, evidently—reasoned that in exactly so many working days and nights they would be able to perform just so much labor. They were content with a modest dam, for they were just setting up house-keeping, so they swung across the stream a 20-foot barrier of cleanly cut branches. The butt ends were downstream, the pointed ends with interlacing stems were upstream. That is sound reasoning, because the thick end of a

limb acts as a solid brace, while the brushy end can catch the small drift stuff and stones and mud, quickly building up a waterproof dam. Many a farmer who fills a washout on the side of a hill knows that his ancestors got from the beaver the idea of placing brush branches upward.

The dam put together by the original beaver settlers was plenty big enough for them. It backed up the water for nearly 100 feet. In this pond they built their house, laid in a stock of succulent willow and aspen for food during the winter, and when the snows came and the pond froze and the winds howled among the white pines on the slopes of the hills, they were comfortable and happy. But the old homestead grew too small after a season or two; Beavertown had to expand. The second dam was twice as big as the first. It was fashioned just as staunchly and it flooded quite a respectable area. Then several years later came the laying out of the metropolis. It is a beautiful place. The pond covers at least ten acres and it is a real lake. The dam swings in a gentle curve and the base is more than ten feet thick. A small island was used to brace it in the middle. There are beaver houses in the pond; there is a depth of five to six feet of water in the main channel; there are laterals used to carry the food supplies from the edges of the pond to the storehouses. It will serve for many years, and from this thriving center beavers will emigrate as the population increases. Some of the adventurous ones will travel as far as five or six miles before they establish themselves; for any location must meet severe requirements. There must be food in plenty—aspens, willow, poplar, birch, alder and grasses.

A beaver dam will hold a better level than anything man has done along that line. The variation between summer droughts and spring freshets is comparatively slight. When the water is low the mud base of the dam is almost impervious. When the water is high the loosely arranged sticks at the top allow the water to swirl through without hindrance. By some unerring instinct the beavers pick a spot where a dam

cannot be damaged under ordinary floods.

There was a man-made dam at the Lewis Gristmill that simply refused to hold water. It was a rock-and-crib structure, constantly in need of repairs. "If I was you," suggested a philosopher at the general store, "I'd get in a couple of beavers and let them build my dam. They can't do any worse than you."

To make a long story short, beavers were called into service. They went a short distance above and built a dam that held water. It relieved the pressure on the lower one, and since then the owner of the gristmill has not spent a dollar in repairs.

Construction of the house in which beavers live is another illustration of skill. It isn't beautiful—looks like a partly submerged brush pile—but it is comfortable and is well arranged within. It has two entrances which are always below the surface of the water. Inside the house, there is a platform raised higher than the water level. Once in their home, the beavers are safe; theirs is a moated castle which no predatory land animal can approach. Near by are the submerged store yards of food.

"When the beaver has eaten the bark off a stick," said a mountain hunter, pointing to a beaver dam, "he just naturally uses what's left for his dam or his house; he ain't wasteful. What if he does cut down some trees? He lets others grow to take their places, doesn't he? Beavers were here for thousands of years, and the woods never disappeared. They were all here—Indians, beavers, woods—until the white man came along."

With the eagle now protected by state and national laws, the beaver is a symbol of outdoor America. His return is a sign of the newer understanding of Nature that is pulsating throughout the land; a proof of the reality of conservation of whispering forests, uncontaminated streams and the wild life they hold. And at dusk, when the deer come down to the lily pads, the sound of a flat tail hitting the water with muffled slap carries a message of friendly greeting to man for his better understanding of Nature's heritage.

How Do You Treat Your Family?

Condensed from Success Magazine (September, '27)

Anonymous

IT was somewhat of a shock to have my wife tell me one evening that I was the most discourteous man she had ever known. Among my friends and business associates I have a slight reputation for courtesy. I am considered old fashioned in my ideas of courtesy to strangers. Her accusation made me mad. The injustice of it rankled until my wife pointed out that I kept my politeness for outsiders and used none in my own home. I don't like to think of it even now, but it was true: I was not giving my wife even the courtesy I gave my office assistants. In one of those sudden flashes that come to us, was revealed why our life, which had begun with such high hopes, and braved adversity after adversity, was being beaten to pieces on rocks, which seemed too trivial to notice.

Few men and women have had a more romantic courtship than my wife and I. Almost every obstacle existed for us: no money; family and friends in opposition to the match. These adversities but fanned our love to a higher flame and, when we married, we were in such an ecstasy of bliss that lack of money, clothes, and everything usually deemed necessary did not in the least disturb us. We had each other.

It is a long descent from those heights to the place where almost every other word is in argument. The transition was not rapid. It was no sudden cleavage that killed our romance. It was merely the endless repetition of daily discourtesies, the constant casual impoliteness which people living intimately together extend to each other.

Discourtesy is a very insidious thing. It creeps upon one without warning and is hard to dislodge. In the beginning,

one's lapses are so trivial as to seem negligible. Multiply them by, say, seven a day and you have 2555 opportunities in one year for hurting or annoying another person! It required hard thinking for me to accept all this. Even now, knowing what I do, I have to fight continually against the old habit of carelessness and casualness.

I am an inveterate reader. If anyone speaks to me while I am deep in a book I will reply at random, not really having heard. I can spend almost all of my evenings reading and never find it monotonous. My wife one evening remonstrated with me because I answered her remarks so unsatisfactorily. I suggested that it was very discourteous to interrupt me when I was reading. I had quite failed to see that it was impolite and thoughtless of me to spend every evening so engrossed with a book that I did not wish to talk. Also, I had forgotten that, while my wife likes to read, she is not averse to the theater, playing cards, or calling on friends. Foolish, isn't it? A trifle! Easily adjusted by any two people with common sense. But it wasn't adjusted, and equally little things aren't adjusted in families—wherein lies much of the tragedy of family life.

Another small discourtesy which became a source of serious dissension was that of interrupted remarks. Each came firmly to believe that neither was allowed to finish a remark. At first we had prefaced our interruptions with an "I beg your pardon." Later we would take the conversational bit between our teeth without any apology. We would even speak in unison—causing our friends no end of amusement and us no end of irritation. Naturally the matter of interrupting is bound up with egoism.

So is all discourtesy. We think so much of ourselves that we have no room in our minds for the thoughts of others.

This was brought home forcibly to me one night when, hearing a radio program which bored me, I turned on another station.

"You might have at least inquired if I were enjoying the program before turning it off," said my wife. As a matter of fact I had never thought of it. I wouldn't dream of switching off a stranger's radio set, nor that of a friend, without some apology or request for permission. But I wouldn't grant my wife even the courtesy of a casual inquiry as to her enjoyment of the program. It was not that I wished to be rude, but simply because I didn't think. You cannot be polite without thinking.

Often when I am writing my wife drives me to distraction by making extraneous remarks—not to annoy, but because she doesn't stop to think.

Fortunately my wife and I awoke before it was too late. We were stumbling along, groping through a morass of dissension which had so bogged our happiness that it seemed to spell separation. But one night we "got together" and we talked and talked. Not dramatically nor hysterically, but just as two adult human beings in the full possession of their reasoning faculties. We finally decided to treat each other as if we were strangers—to extend the same courtesy we would show to an outsider. Our system was to be given a fair trial for six months no matter how odd or stilted our behavior might seem. Funny? Of course, at first. The very humor of it helped. It made us laugh and you can't be very touchy when you laugh. Looking back it doesn't seem so funny. One doesn't get much of a laugh from the odd look of the plank that saved one from drowning in mid-ocean. Our scheme added zest to life and put each of us on our mettle. You have no idea how rude you have been until you try to be polite. At least I had none. I had given up seating my wife at meals; waiting for her to eat before beginning; arising when she entered a room; assisting her with her coat—and a

hundred other things considered unnecessary in family life. But they are the most necessary things in the world. They turned our lives from a most unhappy state into one of peace, contentment and affection.

Concentrated effort on each other's welfare gave us what we call the "mutual outlook"—the essential viewpoint for family life. By seeking to find things mutually pleasant our resultant compromises usually pleased us both. Far from becoming artificial and unnatural, our life together became natural and pleasant. It is a myth that family life must be dissident. It is so only because of a lack of ordinary courtesy among its members.

People sometimes blame the age for discourtesy. I have used that alibi myself. It is pure, unadulterated buncombe. Politeness is a personal matter and has nothing to do with the time in which one lives. Courtesy is no more and no less than consideration for others; thoughtfulness. It does not mean what is vaguely referred to as polish or fine manners. These are often nothing but a showing off. That was the sort of courtesy which I had had—a mere exterior furbishing, put on to impress others. I dropped it when I entered my home as there seemed no need to impress my wife. That was where I was wrong. It was far more necessary for me to make a good impression on my wife than to have casual acquaintances think of me as polite.

The foundation of a happy family life is respect. But one cannot respect a person who is always selfish, exhibits no control, and shows plainly that his mind is centered wholly on himself. I have seen many marriages, among people of many kinds, and I have been married some years myself. I have yet to find a condition more vitally affecting the relations of people living intimately together than courtesy. A few trees are riven by lightning bolts. Thousands are destroyed by tiny, slimy worms and slugs. A few marriages are smashed by some big thing. Thousands of marriages are wrecked, or seriously crippled, by the daily repetition of little thoughtless discourtesies.

It's Safe to Fly

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (September 3, '27)

Commander Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N.

ONE of my first impressions of aviation was on board ship when a man rushed into my stateroom with a newspaper. "Listen to this!" he exclaimed. "Jack Towers has fallen 1500 feet in an airplane and survived! He was thrown out of his seat." (In those days the pilot sat out in the open on a little bench.) "But he caught by a brace and dangled in mid-air. On the way down he kicked at the control wheel. Apparently he righted the plane just before it hit. *Think of the nerve of the man!*"

I did think of his nerve; and many times since I've admired the courage of those early pilots who flew with defective machines about which they knew almost nothing. Incidentally, Capt. John W. Towers, the hero of the incident, today commands one of our airplane carriers.

The horror people felt 15 years ago in reading about Towers' escape is still felt today when newspapers print tragic details of an airplane accident without any regard for technical reasons behind the accident. Hence, the average citizen still considers flying an attractive form of suicide.

Yet I would advise any young man who likes the idea of flying to go into aviation today because I believe that, given reasonable equipment and training, it is thoroughly safe. Railways advertise their safety by publishing statistics. Aviation can do the same. British commercial airplanes have flown over 5,000,000 miles in seven years with only four fatal accidents. German airlines in 1926 carried 56,268 passengers for a total of 3,838,425 miles with only one fatality. The airways maintained by the Army Air Corps have to their credit 1,200,000 miles with but one serious accident.

There are two kinds of fatal accidents that, in the unreflecting public mind, undo much of the good that fine records achieve. One comes from experimental work; the other from unorganized fliers who often lack proper repair and inspection facilities. I know a man who bought for \$300 a discarded plane of ancient vintage, and began carrying passengers at \$5 a head. One morning he went aloft in a gusty breeze. His poorly-designed machine became unmanageable and crashed, killing the passenger. The papers carried the usual glaring headlines: "ANOTHER FATAL AIRPLANE ACCIDENT!" Whereupon thousands of readers gasped with horror at the thought of riding in an airplane.

This same attitude was once held toward the railroad. In 1845 Sir Samuel Hoare seriously made a report that "The largest item in railway returns bids fair to be the list killed." In my teens I heard discussions about which was the safest railroad to travel on. Now people discuss not which is the safest but which is the most comfortable. Safety is taken for granted.

It is remarkable how closely the development of aviation is following that of automobiles. The first automobile races—with their accidents—caused people to think unfavorably about automobiling. Airplane speed contests have brought out many defects in engines and have helped to develop our fast planes. But they are giving way in popularity to reliability and endurance contests, which will do for the plane what they did for the automobile: establish its feasibility for use by the average man or woman.

Probably the outstanding cause of airplane accidents is the forced landing. Yet the chances of having a motor stall

are reaching the vanishing point. Of course a plane may be brought down from other causes. Recently a machine caught fire in the air. The pilot landed safely by side-slipping his plane for hundreds of feet so as to blow the flames away from his main fuel supply. Such sudden emergencies still arise in every form of transportation; in the past week I have read of fatal accidents to automobiles, railways and elevated trains.

It is true that in England and in this country there have been many casualties in army and naval flying, but it must be remembered that this work is largely experimental and that the fliers must engage in dangerous tactical maneuvers. Moreover, such fliers cannot, in the nature of their work, *put safety first*, as the commercial flier must do.

The 1926 race for the Schneider trophy was one of the most valuable air meets ever held. Yet, despite excellent results, a number of tragedies that had little to do with normal commercial aviation probably did more than offset the good achieved by the records broken. Much of the public saw only a group of deplorable accidents and at once was ready to condemn flying even more heartily than before.

When I say flying is safe I speak of the performance of ships that have been tested in design, cruising radius, maneuver-ability and lifting power until these factors have been established. It is utterly unfair to judge safety in aviation by experiments in which both pilots and designers are frankly and openly taking risks for the sake of aeronautic progress.

Bernt Balchen, who went with us on the America when she flew to France, is a test pilot for a big airplane manufacturer. When I asked him about his work he said: "I like it because I take up planes that have never been flown before. Half the excitement is not knowing what is going to happen."

A large percentage of the accidents comes from testing and pioneering in a thoroughly proper way; such accidents are part of the progress of any form of science. It is the great misfortune of aviation that the public receives more

news about this sort of work than from any other flying done.

When we first took the America up last spring we knew that she was an untried machine. Anthony Fokker, the designer, was doing the piloting; Bennett, Noville and I were passengers. Just before we landed Fokker waved his hand at us behind him. He knew by the feel of the plane that she was a little out of balance. Before we could do anything we crashed. My arm was broken and Bennett was smashed up so badly that he was in the hospital for months and out of the Atlantic flight.

The next day the following statement appeared: "It is patent from the accident to Byrd's plane that we as yet have far from reached any dependable safety in aviation." This statement was altogether unfair to aeronautics. The incident effectively illuminates what friends of aviation are up against every day in the year. The accident was to a truly experimental type of plane and under conditions that opened us all to risks that no passenger would ever be asked to face. Even the average pilot would not fly under such circumstances. Yet the safety of flying was impugned on the basis of our private test that bore but indirectly on practical aviation of the moment.

When Noel Davis crashed last spring, killing himself and Wooster the tragedy was explained to me by another pilot: "They were so near the limit of the load they could carry that when they banked and reduced their lifting surface they could no longer stay aloft." Rene Fonck also attempted to take off for the transatlantic flight with a bigger load of gas than such a ship had ever attempted to carry before. It was understood in advance by all concerned that a large risk was taken.

The test pilot in a sense faces death every time he puts a new plane through its paces. The pioneer in aeronautics takes chances at every new venture he essays. It is part of the game.

But the passenger or pilot flying in a tested plane under normal and proper conditions can certainly nowadays do so with the comforting assurance that at last *it's safe to fly*.

Our Courts and Free Speech

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (September, '27)

John T. Flynn

LAWYERS are fond of saying that the defeated litigant has two courses open: to appeal, or to swear at the court. But the last recourse is now a legal fiction. For the judge carries a big stick known as contempt of court, and the rules allowing him to use the stick are ever broadening.

Everyone agrees that the judge should be free from insult or disturbance while presiding. The court must punish the defiant witness, or persons who interfere with its mandates. But there is another class of contempts known as constructive, or indirect contempts. The Editor of the New York Evening World inveighed against the very bad practice of permitting professional criminals already free on bail and plying their trade to go free again on small bail, and spoke of the practice of lawyers to hunt for judges most lenient in this regard as "shopping for bail." This was an indefensible public abuse, but that did not save the editor from being brought before the offended judge who declared his intention to punish his critic. The editor, represented by Charles E. Hughes, escaped punishment but he had a precarious time before getting off.

As things now stand, almost all criticism of a court in newspapers and public speeches, especially if a case is actually pending, may be treated as a contempt of court, and he who indulges it may expect to answer in a summary proceeding before the offended judge. This means, very often, that a judge stimulated by intolerance or anger may act in the tripartite character of prosecutor, judge, and jury, able to fling an offender into jail with but meager relief in the way of appeal.

A judge in Iowa poured out his prejudice upon certain persons, calling them "those three yids" and "wise men

from the East—the prehensile race." A disgusted writer in a Des Moines paper said the judge "was temperamentally unfit for his high duties." The judge thereupon committed the writer for contempt.

I do not think that citizens should be permitted to bespatter the courts. But it seems to me that such offenses should be treated like any other slander of public officials, and tried impartially before a disinterested judge and a jury.

What I have said applies to the courts of justice. But what shall we say when we perceive that today, by a course of invasions and assumptions, judicial power is being extended to the administration of business? Receivership, invented as a means of winding up the affairs of distressed corporations for the benefit of its creditors, was well enough in another day when business was small and receiverships infrequent. But now, a big business in distress is thrown into the hands of a federal judge. That dignitary thereupon establishes himself as chairman of the board and president of the corporation, and names the receiver as a sort of general superintendent under him.

The extent of this is, I am sure, little understood by the average man of affairs. At this moment there are 42 railroads being operated by federal judges. And some have managed them for 10 or 12 years. In New York City, a few years ago, 233 corporations in seven years had come under the direction of eight federal judges. This octet of judges managed business enterprises estimated at \$780,000,000. Railways, power companies, manufacturing and trading companies were directed from the rostrum of a court which had been established as a tribunal of justice and never intended as a directorate of trade.

The results achieved are by no means happy ones. Many a corporation perfectly solvent and merely in need of intelligent management has gone into the corporation hospital and bled to death. Out of more than 200 corporations in New York in which the petitioners declared that the corporations were embarrassed but not bankrupt, only 35 emerged able to pay general credits in full and some of these were paid not in cash, but in new stock.

But if the creditors suffer in most cases, this is by no means true of the lawyers. For in the receiverships referred to above the New York judges distributed among their lawyer receivers and attorneys some seven million dollars in fees. The truth is that it is preposterous to invoke the surgery of judges upon ailing corporations. What a sick corporation needs is a business doctor, financial manager, and production experts to put it on its feet. As ownership in almost all businesses is passing into the hands of thousands of stockholders who are quite powerless because of their remoteness, the importance of this cannot be overstated.

Now what has all this to do with this business of contempt which I set out to discuss? It shows the changing character of the tribunals which are wielding this exceedingly dangerous instrument. And as the courts have widened their powers and annexed new functions in business management, they have also enlarged and sharpened the weapon of contempt. The contempt process was originally used as a bludgeon for knocking dangerous radicals over the head. But now it remains in the hands of the judge to use on any scone he feels disposed to rap. And now the cycle of progress is bringing not labor leaders but business executives into court. This is a very practical problem for the business man whose own interests may be involved tomorrow.

It is not long ago that the directors of a corporation in the hands of a receiver became very annoying to the judge. So he forbade them to meet. But these gentlemen thought, very properly, that they had property rights in the corporation and that they were within their rights when they met to talk about them. Perhaps they had read some-

where the Great Charter which guaranteed the right of peaceable assembly even against a tyrant king. But the judge soon convinced them that the right was at least questionable, for he hauled them before his court and sentenced them for contempt.

Down in Raleigh, North Carolina, a court named a receiver for a railway company. The editor of the local newspaper thought the whole proceeding indefensible and said so in his paper. That editor happened to be no less a person than the Hon. Josephus Daniels, sometime Secretary of the Navy. But for all that he was haled before the judge and committed for contempt. Now Mr. Daniels escaped through the more reasonable attitude of a higher court. But that decision is chiefly valuable as bringing into relief how far the courts have travelled; for now, in most jurisdictions, he would not be so fortunate.

A most disturbing example had to do with Mr. Charles Craig, while Comptroller of the City of New York. The "B. R. T." subway was in the hands of a receiver under the dominion of Judge Julius Mayer. The City had an immense money interest in that corporation. Mr. Louis Nixon of the Transit Commission wrote to Comptroller Craig, inviting him to a conference with the receiver to discuss the problems of the company. Mr. Craig replied refusing to enter such a conference and announcing that he would not meet the receivers so long as the Federal Court denied to the City of New York access to the accounts of the company. Other criticisms were made which seemed mild and reasonable enough. Mr. Nixon turned the letter over to Judge Mayer who directed that the Comptroller be given an opportunity to retract and, upon refusal, sentenced him to 60 days in jail. Immense pressure was brought to bear upon Judge Mayer to show the seriousness of taking the Comptroller away from a city so large as New York. But he remained adamant. In fact, the Comptroller was packing up for his two months' sojourn in jail when the President pardoned him.

This act was an extreme assertion of judicial authority, and the special point
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Trapped with a Microscope!

Condensed from the Popular Science Monthly (September, '27)

Edwin Ketchum

ONE night in October, 1923, bandits killed in cold blood the engineer and fireman of an express train in Oregon; the mail car was dynamited, killing the mail clerk; a brakeman was shot dead. The bandits escaped without their booty, leaving behind as the only clue exactly three grains of salt in a burlap bag! The burlap had been painted with fir pitch, to destroy scent in case of pursuit by bloodhounds.

Shortly afterwards Edward O. Heinrich, an expert criminal investigator at Berkeley, Calif., announced: "One of the three men who committed this crime was a left-handed, brown-haired lumberjack, not over 25 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, thick-set, fastidious in his appearance, clean shaven."

Today, as the result of that remarkable description, and after a four-year man hunt, the three bandit-slayers—Hugh, Ray and Roy d'Autremont—are beginning life sentences for murder. Hugh, almost perfectly fitting the chemist's first description, was captured this year in Manila. In June his brothers, twins, were caught at Steubenville, O. All three confessed.

All from three grains of salt! Chemical analysis revealed to Heinrich that the salt was that used in artificial salt licks for cattle. He visited several cattle ranches. Near one of these and close to a salt lick, he came upon a cabin hidden in a canyon. Within were scattered fragments of burlap of the same texture as that picked up at the scene of the crime. These, likewise, were stained with pitch from fir trees, which grew about the place.

In the cabin, too, Heinrich found a towel on which were recent wipings of hair and lather from shaving. Studying

the hair under a microscope, he determined that the towel had been used by three men. By knowing the condition of human hair at various ages, he could state that all of the men were under 25 years of age. Moreover, bits of skin from the towel showed that the men were of light complexion.

A pair of overalls was found. More grains of salt in the pockets and more pitch stains gave evidence that they had been worn by one of the bandits. They indicated to Heinrich also that the fugitives were woodsmen; for the owner of the overalls had worn them over the tops of his three-quarter boots, in stead of tucked in, as cattlemen and farmers wear them. From their size and cut, Heinrich likewise estimated the stature of the wearer. And from the location of pitch stains on the overalls, he reasoned that the wearer was left-handed. Finding of many finger nail parings led to the conclusion that the man was scrupulous about his appearance.

A bulge in a pocket of the overalls showed that a revolver had been carried there. Eventually a revolver was found in some brush near the cabin. The revolver was traced to a dealer in Oregon, whose records showed he had sold it to "William Elliott" a short time before the holdup. Comparison of the marks in the gun barrel with those on the murder bullets established that this was the weapon that had killed the trainmen.

Detectives traced "William Elliott" to a little house in Eugene, Ore., where lived the father of the d'Autremont boys. Additional evidence—hair, bits of cloth, finger prints—gathered in the d'Autremont cottage and examined by the chemist, established the identification.

(Continued from page 364)

is that when the court entered the field of public utility management, it was exercising not purely judicial functions but administrative functions. It should not have been permitted to use the process of contempt in the same manner as in the trial of legal cases.

But this is not the whole story. A new, and, in my judgment, more sinister invasion has been begun by the Federal Courts in the last few years. This is in the dangerous field of the regulation of trade through the consent decree.

We are in the habit of growing irate over what we call restraints of trade, and various restrictive arrangements between manufacturers or merchants. However, the candid observer must concede that the growing demands of trade bring problems that sorely perplex the business man, and very often there seems no escape from these save in trade agreements. It has seemed that anti-trust laws may have to be modified in some way to meet the new processes of business. The Federal Trade Commission, which is charged with the surveillance of business, is an administrative body, which business men have always been free to criticize. What is more, criticism has been effective in causing an almost complete reversal of policy in recent years. Now suppose that this surveillance had been committed to the courts. The whole tide of discussion would have been dammed, and the course of progress would have suffered.

The manufacturers of Gypsum products, for example, maintained an association through which the members agreed upon certain practices which which were in violation of the anti-trust laws. They were haled into court by the Attorney General. Now if their practices were found to be illegal the court could do several things: dissolve the association, or order a discontinuance of the illegal practice through a perpetual restraining order. Or criminal proceedings could be ordered with resulting penalties if the defendants were found guilty.

But, in the Gypsum case, the association made an agreement with the

Attorney General and the court to have a decree by consent entered against it. First the court held the practices of the Association illegal and ordered the Association dissolved. That, it would seem, settled the matter and was quite as far as the court might go. But this federal court ordered that, while this particular association was illegal and must be dissolved, the defendants might form another, and then it proceeded to write a constitution and by-laws for the new association by setting out what it might do and what it might not do, and announced that it would hold jurisdiction for all time to see that the decree was carried out. In other words, it practically announced that it would maintain jurisdiction over an association not yet formed, but for which it defined a charter. And hereafter, therefore, if the association violates any provisions of that code, or even if they should only criticize in free discussion the court which directs them, they may be found conducting their business from jail cells.

A more dangerous extension of the powers of the court could hardly be imagined. These questions belong in the field of economics, not law. Economic conditions are constantly changing, and the changes are best perceived by long, and often impatient and bitter discussion. To permit the regulation of these problems by a tribunal which makes for suppression and secrecy is not a step, but a leap, backward.

If all this has any meaning, it is that the federal judge should be put under the glass and dealt with before these delusions of grandeur infect him too savagely. It is that the ramshackle system of receiverships be overhauled and transferred to an authority better equipped to handle it; that this new function of regulating trade through the medium of the injunction and the contempt process be promptly amputated. But first of all, the weapon of the contempt process by summary proceeding—at least in the case of constructive contempts—should be withdrawn from the hands of the offended judge. Contempt of court through criticism should, so far as it is a crime, be treated like any other crime and be tried by an impartial judge and jury.

Why the Church Is Slipping

Condensed from *The World's Work* (September, '27)

Charles Stelzle

STATISTICS show that there has been an enormous slowing up in the growth of Protestant church membership since 1900. Merely to hold its own with the natural increase in population means practically that the church is stationary. Its proportionate strength becomes no greater.

If the church is to make progress, it must vindicate its right to be the authority on great moral and ethical problems. Practically every great social and political problem today is fundamentally moral and religious, and will never be rightfully settled except upon a moral basis. Commercial, industrial, and even political parties are constantly reminding us that their program is based upon sound ethics and morals, and that they try to apply the principles of religion to their program and work. And yet, practically none of them look to the church for guidance, even though the church, it is assumed, is the greatest authority on such matters. It is at this point that the church is weakest in its relationship to human society, whereas it should be most influential. In other words, its authority as an interpreter of religion is being questioned by outside organizations, who claim to be working upon a religious basis.

The church has been kept alive throughout the world's history largely because of its adaptability to changing conditions. Not that it has been called upon to preach a new gospel, but rather it has given the old gospel a fresh emphasis. When chemists or engineers of an industrial plant suggest new methods, in order to improve production, the management eagerly scraps the old methods. But apparently the church is afraid that tomorrow things may be different. It dreads any change that

may involve the scrapping of old methods, even in the face of a decline which so obviously threatens its very existence.

Meanwhile, other movements are challenging the church for supremacy in the hearts of the people. The church has no monopoly of all the religion in the world. Many millions of persons, having the spirit of religion in their hearts, are working through other organizations, even though they may have caught their original inspiration in their youth within the church itself. A recent study of 1000 of the most prominent social workers in America indicated that fully 90 percent were originally members of the church, but large numbers of these are now utterly out of sympathy with it, because of the lack of sympathy of many church leaders toward their activities.

For many years, women have been the chief supporters of the church. They outnumbered the men three to one. Yet it is the universal opinion of ministers with wide experience that men respond more readily to the religious—or emotional—appeal than do women. God would hardly penalize a man simply because he is a man. But a normal man wants to express his religion in a virile fashion. The church has rarely given him the opportunity to do this. The test of a man's spirituality has been either his ability to use religious terminology, or his adaptability to the rather ordinary tasks which the church has offered him. It is forgotten that in the outstanding illustrations in the Bible, in which men were called to great tasks which required a special gift of the "Spirit of God," these tasks consisted not of those which today are counted purely "spiritual," but they embraced

the most practical kind of activities. To give merely one illustration, when the Israelites required an "ark of the covenant," the "Spirit of God" was given to Bezaleel, in order that he might become—not a great prophet, but a good cabinet-maker. Men are not attracted to the church today because it frequently fails to make them understand that they may live perfectly natural, normal lives, and still possess "spiritual-mindedness."

As to the women, most of their work in the church has been of a purely social character. They have been active in ladies' aid societies, in missionary societies, in serving suppers, in making garments for the poor, and in such other ministrations. And the church was practically the only institution which gave them this opportunity. But today there are multitudes of organizations, social, political, economic, philanthropic, which demand the very best brains. There are endless clubs and societies which require more ability than was ever demanded by the church, and the best women of the nation are today entering these newer fields, with the result that almost imperceptibly, yet steadily, they are losing their interest in the church and are giving themselves to these larger tasks required by outside organizations.

Today we are engaged in the final struggle for democracy the world over. Probably the greatest problem of the church now is determining what shall be its position when the world will be dominated by the great mass of the common people. The church must not advocate any particular social system, but it must be big enough to include all those whose lives are dominated by the spirit of Jesus, and who seek to bring in the Kingdom of God, no matter what their economic beliefs may be. If a man or woman gives evidences of these aspirations, it is none of the church's business what his or her economic beliefs may be.

The great industrial revolution which is sweeping over the world must find the church open-minded. It must not be the last to accept the great doctrines of democracy in which the rest of the world believes. Unfortunately, the

church in America is the only body or organization which is still torn apart on account of the Civil War. There are still denominations "North" and "South." Everybody else squared up long ago.

The great task of the church today is not so much to win those who do not believe in it, but to give a greater enthusiasm and interest to those who are already in the church, and those who, being outside, still believe in what the church teaches. The church must be "sold" to its members. It may be recalled that Dwight L. Moody, probably the greatest evangelist that America has known, spent the last years of his life, not in evangelistic campaigns, but in trying to bring the church itself to a sense of its responsibility and its opportunity.

Many years ago, Charles David Williams, a great Bishop, said: "Religion today is vitally concerned with the fundamental questions of social righteousness, industrial equity, political and commercial honesty, and honor and economic injustice. Great movements, essentially religious, for the establishment of these ends are sweeping over the land; but the church, as a body, is out of touch with these movements. She speaks timidly upon such matters, if at all. She does not meet the religious demands of the age. Her morals and ethics are not big enough nor her service adequate. She preaches for the most part a narrow and petty round of ethics—the minor moralities of purely personal conduct, respectabilities, good form, technical pieties, and ecclesiastical proprieties, while the age is seeking the larger righteousness of the Kingdom of God, which is human society, organized according to the will of God. She knows only the little righteousness of the individual, while religion is interested in the big righteousness of the Kingdom of God. . . Religion has today far outgrown denominationalism and sectarianism. They are obsolete—dead issues that ought to be buried. Religion is today absorbed in bigger and more vital concerns. . . Religion must remake the church today—remake it into the natural hospitable home of all that is best and highest in our modern life and world."

The Advantages of Disaster

Condensed from Harper's Bazar (June, '27)

Frank Swinnerton

WE are constantly receiving blows from Circumstance. We set our hearts upon something, and that something does not come our way. We plan a little treat—say an excursion to the theatre—and we are taken suddenly ill, so that we cannot go. Or we say: "Tomorrow I will walk in the sunshine to the top of that fascinating hill," and just as we are about to start upon our journey we hear the wheels of a motor, and our garden is invaded by people called "visitors." Picnics bring black clouds; jellies do not jell; and sudden hailstorms ruin the choicest of garden parties.

To all of us these accidents seem to be depressingly inopportune. It is in vain that we strive to grow used to them, and to say that such events are all in the day's work. We do not believe ourselves. We hear our own voices going on and on, like the barking of insensate dogs; but we cannot give ear to their mechanical consolations. When the milk boils over, when a precious tumbler slips from our palsied hands, and smashes; when we spill wine upon the table-cloth at a strange house, or at a party notice a sudden ladder in our best hosiery, we feel that in some strange way we have been subjected to the evil eye. These troubles, which appal us, give rise to a conviction that the earth is peopled with malignant spirits, bent upon our destruction. We become superstitious. We feel that such things happen to ourselves, and not to others, because we are probably the most stupid, clumsy, wretched, perplexed, and unfortunate humans who were ever born under an unlucky star.

And yet, if such things never happened to us, how colorless our days would be! How objectionably self-complacent, and

eventually how bored, we should become! The element of the miraculous would then be lacking from our lives. Thankfulness for escape would never be known to us. The tumbler that almost slips; the day for our excursion that is almost heart-rendingly perfect; the wine bottles that we tip and do not spill; the stockings and frocks that we preserve to the wonder of our friends—are not these strange ecstasies of relief known to all? Are they not heightened extraordinarily by the sense of what *might* have happened? Do not, in fact, the catastrophes which I have indicated serve to give us all the greater joy in all cases where they do not actually happen? And would not our lives be tepid indeed if they were not shot and spotted with the most overwhelming calamities?

The part which is played by chance in our happiness is tremendous. Take one of our happiest days, and spoil it with a bilious attack or a toothache. Even with the faint memory of a disagreeable little dream, from which we have awakened with discomfort. Let the letters from our friends be delayed, or let them be written in a querulous mood. Stop our watches, so that we miss our train. Let the flowing tires of our automobiles be punctured. Let our hats blow off, and roll daintily in the mud. Let our shoelaces break, our tongues be bitten, our dog bite the postman, or our bank account be overdrawn. Each of these disasters is enough to throw sand into the machinery of our contentment. Indeed, it is astonishing how little it takes to disturb all but the most bovine of men and the most vaccine of women. A word, a memory, a thought, and the deed is done. The fact that he has been cheated of a halfpenny has spoiled the day of many a sensitive man.

In such circumstances as these, every happy day, every happy hour, nay, even every happy moment, is snatched from disaster. Each moment that we are not in distress of some kind may be regarded as a miraculous escape. We do not, perhaps, realize it at the time; but the fact is proved for most of us by the extraordinary circumstance of memory. For most of us, that is, memory is happy. We recall the bright spots, and unconsciously ignore the dark patches. That is why grown-ups think of childhood and youth as such gloriously happy periods. They forget their tears, their agonies, their punishments and terrors. They think: "How happy I was *then*."

The truth is that most of us are fairly happy *now*. We have much to make us happy. And one thing that makes us happy is exactly this daily, hourly, minutely uncertainty of happiness. We can never tell, from the instant at which we are born, what disaster may not be lurking in our neighborhood, ready to pounce. Who can deny the infant's chances, nay, its probabilities, of accident, punishment, tears, sense of injury; dangers from the splinter, the blow, the tumble; from hunger, empty pockets, loss of work, anger, and the innumerable fears that dog us in our progress? The mere recollection of these risks is shocking. But every moment upon which such horrors do not occur is lucky. We have 24 hours of luck (with modifications and vagaries) each day of our lives. And, after all, great numbers of human beings do attain maturity, even old age, with their limbs, their organs, and even their hearts unbroken. It is a miracle; but it is also a commonplace, so that we often do not realize it with sufficient clearness and thankfulness.

Where would be the credit in attaining old age if the whole of life were a calculable calm. None. Indeed, I doubt

whether old age could be endured (if attained at all) if it were not for the calamities which each of us must endure in the course of life. Picture what a succession of perfect days would mean to us. What the horrors of waking each morning punctually, finding stereotyped kindly letters from friends, achieving a punctual empty railroad carriage, being always at one's best, and each evening going to bed with the same feeling of pleasant tiredness. Does not the thought of such aching boredom revolt our minds? We know that if we could absolutely count upon next Tuesday being fine, next Tuesday would cease to interest us. If we were always sure of finishing our tasks in good time, of having our favorite food, of being without pain (whether moral, emotional, or physical), of sleeping exactly to the second, we should find our lives a perfectly ghastly business. We could not bear it. High spirits would go, as well as low. Laughter would go, as well as tears. Treats would go, as well as discomforts. Our friends would go, because we could not open their letters or listen to their placid spoken words with any excitement or fear or even any interest. We should become lower than the vegetables. Nay, the sensitive plants would tower emotionally above us, while we, poor jellified nothings, ruined by the fact that everything went right with us, sunk in boredom, sunk in oblivion and a kind of stupid, melancholy lack of concern with all things, would gradually cease to exist at all. We should be blotted out. The world would know us no more.

Truly, the advantages of disaster are innumerable. They include all that makes life exciting, pleasurable, unexpected, surprising, delightful. They include, in fact, potentially, and by the force of contrast and uncertainty, all that makes life worth living at all.

Should a Doctor Tell?

Condensed from The Living Age (Aug. 15, '27) Reprint from London Lancet

Lord Riddell

IN both law and ethics confidences are regarded as sacred, with certain exceptions. What are these exceptions. When may the doctor tell; when should he tell; and when must he tell? The legal position in England may be stated thus, although in some respects it is not altogether free from doubt.

1. *A doctor, being in a fiduciary capacity, must preserve his patients' confidences unless relieved from the obligation by some lawful excuse.* Every doctor recognizes that medical confidences are sacred. Many doctors, however, are not as reticent as they might be. If medical advertising were permitted, I am sure that a sign reading, "Dr. Blank is a regular oyster. He never talks about his patients," would be a valuable recommendation. Some doctors think they are entitled to disclose their private patients' secrets to other medical men or to their students. This is a mistake. The symptoms and treatment may be stated, but not the patient's name.

2. *Legal compulsion or the patient's consent is a lawful excuse, and the performance of a moral or social duty may also be a justification.* Protection of the doctor's interests may also justify disclosure. Here we are faced with serious problems. Let us take some cases:

(a) A family doctor is consulted by a husband or wife suffering from syphilis. Is the doctor justified in warning the other spouse?

(b) A patient who is suffering from lunacy, venereal disease, or tuberculosis in a severe form tells his doctor that he is about to be married. Is the doctor justified in warning the other party and his or her parents?

(c) A doctor is consulted by a wife seriously ill as the result of an abortion. Should the doctor inform the husband?

(d) A doctor discovers that an engine-driver has a serious heart affection and tells the patient he is not fit to drive. The patient disagrees. Should the doctor report the matter to the railway company?

Has the doctor a moral and social duty necessitating disclosure in such cases? An Austrian case illustrates the principle involved. A venereal specialist in a public bath saw a young man whom he had recently treated. The physician objected, and as the young man persisted he reported him to the attendant, who refused to allow him to bathe. Thereupon the young man brought an action against the doctor for breach of professional confidence. The court dismissed the case on the ground that the doctor had acted in the interests of the community.

A legal friend of mine states that disclosures may be justified when the object is to prevent the patient from doing a wrongful act. The terrible consequences to innocent persons of certain infectious diseases, for example, are matters deeply concerning the public welfare. Disclosure to avoid such consequences is justifiable and perhaps obligatory on both legal and ethical grounds.

3. *There is no legal privilege for medical confidences. If called as a witness a doctor must answer questions put to him by the court.* Strong objection to this proposition has been raised by doctors. It is claimed that medical confidences are always sacred; medical efficiency is a public necessity, and to secure it patient

and doctor must be assured that their communications will not be disclosed. For the sake of the community at large the sacred character of confidential relationships is more important than to secure accuracy in a few law cases. On the other side it is claimed that it is undesirable to increase the limitations on evidence, that the confidences of criminals could not properly be subject of privilege, and that, eliminating such confidences, there are but few occasions on which disclosures detrimental to the patient are required.

A typical case will display the respective points of view. A woman whose husband has been abroad 12 months consults a doctor as to her pregnancy. She has a spontaneous miscarriage. Her husband returns and lives with his wife. Some months later he hears that she has been unfaithful. He takes proceedings in which the doctor is asked in court what he treated the wife for. According to medical critics of the existing law it is improper that the question should be answered. According to their opponents it would be an injustice if the husband were debarred from proving his case. The whole tendency of legislation for many years has been to simplify the law of evidence and to remove restrictions which prevent the whole story from being disclosed to the court. On balance it seems most undesirable that fresh privileges should be created which may have the effect of obscuring the truth.

4. *A doctor shares with other citizens the duty to assist in the detection and arrest of a person who has committed a serious crime.* Here the law is clear. A person who, knowing a felony to have been committed, relieves or assists the felon is an accessory after the fact. Obviously, it is no part of the duty of a doctor to act as a private detective. But when, in his duties, he has reason to think that a serious crime has been committed, he is bound to help to bring the offender to justice. In the Pritchard poisoning case the doctor stated that when he first saw the deceased he was under the impression she was being poisoned. Commenting on this, the judge said that it was inconsistent with

the doctor's duty as a medical man and a citizen to keep this information to himself; that a rule of life far higher than professional etiquette demanded the prevention of the destruction of human life.

Difficult questions, however, arise as to crimes of certain classes, such as abortion. If a woman admits to an abortion, is the doctor bound to go to the police, and if not, is he justified in doing it? In the Kitson case a woman had died as a result of an illegal operation. Three medical men in succession had attended her, and to one at least she had confided the name of the abortionist. No information was given to the police so the woman died without making a statement that could be used as evidence. The judge said that under the circumstances he had no doubt that the medical men should have communicated with the police.

The practice of abortion has greatly increased in recent years. For instance, last week I noticed no fewer than five reported cases, in all of which the women had died. The question is whether the medical profession are justified in helping to conceal acts of this character. A good deal depends upon the facts of the particular case. If the patient is not seriously ill the doctor is hardly justified unless, for instance, the case is one of a series performed by the same abortionist. An East End doctor, tried for murder, had kept records showing that he had performed no fewer than 400 abortions. Considering its prevalence, medical men assume a serious responsibility in disregarding illegal acts of a most pernicious character.

To sum up, everyone recognizes the necessity and importance of medical confidences. Everyone recognizes that they are sacred and precious. But we must also recognize that the rules regarding them exist for the welfare of the community and not for the aggrandizement or convenience of a particular class. We must recognize also that they must be modified to meet the inevitable changes that occur in the necessities of various generations. As Cicero says: "Let the good of the people be the paramount law."

If I Had All That Money

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (September, '27)

Silas Bent

MOST of us entertain romantic ideas about charity; how, perhaps, we would go among the worthy and needy, quietly and secretly scattering largess—if we had "all that money." Yet a person faced with the distribution of much wealth finds the problem highly perplexing. There is a large library on the futility of past philanthropies.

Recently the largest single gift for orphans was made by a man whose wife had once had to beg for food as an orphan girl. The beautiful cottages which his millions have created are for children of the country, preferably for children of World War veterans. Yet unprovided orphans are becoming more and more difficult to find in these United States. Smaller families, the decrease in industrial accidents, and the war against disease, account for this. How can orphans recruited from a single county fill these pretty new cottages?

In the orphanages maintained by the State of New York the number of orphans in 1917 was over 35,000. In 1921, despite population increases, the number was smaller by 5,000. In Philadelphia, a private orphanage endowed by a railroad executive who, in his young manhood, had observed that operating trains was a hazardous occupation, is now advertising in vain for orphans of those killed in railroad accidents. Trains are safer these days. That orphanage, and another in Philadelphia, now have a combined annual income of \$400,000, and are able to assemble only 114 youngsters. Furthermore, experts agree that orphanages hamper the normal development of the children. Had the philanthropist known all these things, he might have been less reckless with his money.

An amusing incident occurred in

Bournemouth, England. Some 50 years ago a woman endowed a pulpit to promote "sound evangelical doctrine." Doctrine was not "sound" she stipulated, if there were any chanting of psalms, organ recitals, or if the minister failed to wear a black gown in the pulpit. The black robe lately became passe in England, and no incumbent for the favored pulpit could be found. All courts have a strong prejudice against altering wills drawn for philanthropic purposes, but in this case it finally was done.

Bequests made by short-sighted philanthropists often cause much litigation. The original charter of Brown University, for example, provided, though it is a Baptist institution, that the governing board should include Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and five Quakers. In those days of intolerance, the Massachusetts law provided that a Quaker caught the first time should have an ear removed; the second time the other ear was to be removed and the third time a hole was to be bored through his tongue with a hot poker. Among the churchly amenities of the time, the charter of Brown stood like a beacon of liberalism. But later Quakers became scarce in Providence, and a distinguished legal committee has been vainly trying to find a way to amend the provision legally.

Benjamin Franklin provided 2000 pounds, to be split between Boston and Philadelphia, as a trust from which money was to be loaned to young married artisans who were apprenticed. The system of indenturing artisans soon passed, and Franklin's shining example of thrift has gone much awry.

Another philanthropist, Robert Richard Randall, son of a reputed pirate, set aside an estate to found a refuge for sailors in their old age. Part of it

happened to be real estate in New York City, and the income from this property now runs past \$1,000,000 a year. Sailors of the kind old Randall meant to help are now obsolescent. Sailors Snug Harbor is now as much in need of beneficiaries as a Philadelphia orphanage. The beneficiaries number but 100, and live with the comforts of a rich man's club.

A former mayor of St. Louis, who had seen many pioneers stranded on their way to conquer the West, left a fund to aid "worthy and distressed travelers." St. Louis was then the railroad, but as soon as the roads pushed farther west, stranded pioneers became rare. Expensive litigation has failed to loosen the fetters forged 75 years ago.

When property has thus been left under a trust for specific purposes, it calls to mind Thomas Jefferson's observation: "There are those who suppose that preceding generations held the earth more freely than we do; had a right to impose laws on us unalterable by ourselves; and that we, in like manner, can make laws and impose burdens on future generations, which they will have no right to alter; in fine, that the earth belongs to the dead and not to the living."

It becomes clear that to give away money is no easy matter. There is the danger of harming individuals—such beneficiaries often come to regard donations as their right, and indolence as proper; there is the danger that provisions may become obsolete, or cause prolonged litigation. Modern American philanthropies are therefore tending to allow much latitude to their directors, and to work for community betterment rather than individual relief.

The directors of the Russell Sage Foundation determine how it is to be "applied to the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States." The Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations are mobile within their fields, and the latter, with other important foundations, is not necessarily perpetual. The trustees may distribute the principal as well as the interest.

Many American philanthropies are restricted to activity within the United States. To outsiders it must seem that

the money is being spent where it is needed least, and that the doctrine of the Golden Rule might prevail more widely. The Rockefeller work in the study of disease is world wide, and the Near East Relief functions internationally, but it is still true that the country best supplied with material possessions is also the one best supplied with agencies to help the poor.

Still, whether benefactions are international or not, the philanthropist is faced with the task of putting bumpers fore and aft of his benefactions when he endows them with immortality and turns them loose upon the world. Frederick H. Goff, a Cleveland lawyer, developed a plan whereby trust companies in a city or town agree to accept bequests for certain purposes and to invest the funds. The income is then distributed by citizens representing the public as well as the financial institution, according to their judgment of the community's need. This scheme sprang into wide popularity and apparently was the inspiration of 14 millionaires who lately formed a \$100,000,000 combine in San Francisco for the public welfare.

Nearly one dollar in every \$20 of the country's total wealth in 1922 was dedicated to the public welfare in some way; and it is estimated that we are giving currently at the rate of a billion a year. It is our biggest industry, but by no means our most efficient. Mr. F. P. Keppel, President of the Carnegie Corporation, says that our agencies are "still in the experimental stage," and that the foundations are coming into "a progressively clearer understanding as to the distinction between the advancement of knowledge and the direction of opinion."

Carnegie's belief that it is a disgrace to die rich, gains ground, and is supplemented by a deepening reluctance to burden children with unwieldy fortunes, thus subjecting them to fortune hunters and robbing them of initiative. Perhaps the man, harassed by mounting millions, caught between the devil of entail and the deep blue sea of a foundation, with grave doubts confronting him in either course,—perhaps he wishes he didn't have all that money.

Breach of Promise—Why?

Condensed from *The Woman Citizen* (September, '27)

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

MUCH has been said about the injustice of the alimony laws which enable an increasing number of childless able-bodied women to live the lives of parasites. Yet the common practice of allowing damages for breach of promise is fraught with even greater injustice.

The practice grew up in the early days when the church held that it was a criminal offense to break a marriage contract. Then when the time came for the Church to yield its temporal power to the State, many of its laws were transferred bodily into the civil code. Thus it has come about that our medieval laws give a clever woman the opportunity to milch a man by blackmail, or if he refuses to pay the price, they allow her to drag him into court to defend his good name in a breach of promise suit.

Unlike a marriage contract, a promise to marry is never a matter of record; and when breach of promise is claimed, it is sufficient if the aggrieved party can convince a jury, by dint of her own tearful protestations, that the man in question held out hopes of matrimony to her, and that he now refuses to make good his "promise."

Damages for what?—you may well ask. The common law holds that a jilted woman may recover on four counts. First, indemnity for pecuniary loss and the disappointment of an advantageous settlement in life. Second, compensation for injury to feelings, and mortification undergone. Third, reimbursement for expenditures incidental to the marriage. And fourth damages for seduction.

In regard to the first count, we should like to inquire how a woman can lose something which she never had. Even supposing that she had got herself

engaged to a man with a fortune, how could she be indemnified for the loss of any part of that fortune until she had actually come into possession of it? And how can an "advantageous settlement in life" be guaranteed to any human being? Suppose that a girl did marry: might her marriage not turn out to be a dismal failure?

As for the second consideration—"injury to feelings and mortification undergone," we can imagine that a woman who valued her reputation might be deeply wounded were she jilted so openly that all could guess the truth. But if she had sensitive feelings would she increase her mortification by carrying the matter to court and publicly admitting her shame? Decidedly not. The woman who drags her private affairs into the courts is seldom the respectable member of society; she is more generally the adventurous type—as the newspaper files show. So it happens that the breach of promise law, like the alimony law, benefits the gold-digger, rather than the woman who cloaks herself in her self-respect and goes about making a new life. Furthermore, it is patent that suffering can never be paid for in cold dollars.

As for the third count—"expenditures incidental to the marriage," it must be remembered that custom allows her to keep the engagement ring and all other gifts, which will presumably be worth as much in cash as the amount she has spent on linens and frocks, bridal veil and white satin.

"Seduction"—the fourth ground for damages—is a woman's highest trump card in a breach of promise suit. Here is a typical case: Mrs. L., formerly an actress, called upon Dr. H., a nerve specialist. They were attracted one to

the other, and he called at her home. Five months later, according to her story, they discussed marriage; and subsequently he suggested a honeymoon without an immediate ceremony. She consented, because—as she blushinglly insisted before the jury—she was sure that they were as good as married. Here was a widow of years of discretion, with three grown children, who professed not to know what constituted marriage. The doctor, on his part, claimed that their intimacy had never looked toward marriage; that she had boasted of similar affairs with other men; and that in his opinion she was chiefly interested in his bank account. The woman, however, played the part of injured innocence so effectively that the jury awarded her \$75,000, which the judge saw fit to reduce to \$30,000.

Another suit was brought by a saleswoman against a wealthy manufacturer who was already married. She claimed that he had represented to her that he was a widower, that he had made passionate love to her, and that he had promised marriage. He claimed that he had met her when he was visiting the store with his wife and that she had called him up the next night, thus initiating their intimate relations which lasted for several years, during which time he paid her \$60 a week. The judge in charging the jury reminded them that each of the litigants had been through the divorce courts twice and that they were no babes in the woods. But the jury awarded her \$12,500,—despite the time-honored aphorism that it takes two to make a seduction.

A woman invariably pins her hopes for victory on the jury, for a breach of promise trial, unlike a divorce action, is always heard by a jury. Thus a woman plaintiff has a chance to employ her wiles on a group of average males. As one judge explained to me, most men jurors will gallantly give a woman the benefit of the doubt when they consider the question, "Did the plaintiff intend to lead a meretricious career with this man, or was she confidently looking forward to marriage?" Men are prone to suspect their own kind of base dealings with women; moreover, they have a soft

spot which a clever woman can locate. Even a group of Maine Yankees recently awarded a woman plaintiff the unparalleled sum of \$116,000, in a verdict which the judge had to set aside for lack of evidence.

Juries frequently award such excessive amounts that the judge has to intervene. In a Pennsylvania case the jury awarded \$25,000 and the judge cut it down to half,—an amount still beyond the resources of the defendant, who was a mail-clerk. In another case the defendant was ordered by jury and judge to pay \$8000, even though he was only 22 years of age and the pair had been engaged for but one month.

It is always the man who pays. Technically, there is no reason why a man who has been jilted by a rich woman should not sue her. But one finds no such cases—for the obvious reason that a man's plight would never stir the jury to sympathy.

Case after case could be quoted to show that breach of promise suits afford women a rich harvest of gold indemnifying them for the loss of a virtue which was never theirs. And in addition to the court cases we must take into account the numerous cases which are settled by blackmail—for many a man will pay a large sum of money rather than face the music in court. For this reason judges agree that breach of promise suits, however sound in theory, constitute a great evil in actual practice. Some jurists say they are wrong in theory. Such a leading authority as Schouler states: "To try to figure out arithmetically mental anguish and loss of opportunity is impossible. . . . Engagements should be a period of probation and one should have the right to break them irrespective of law."

Another authority, MacColla, makes this point: "If you believe in marriage you can't believe in breach of promise, which is based on the right of compulsion and, therefore, of soul-less marriages." And the Encyclopedia of Law says: "To put a contract to marry on the same footing as a bargain for a horse or a bale of hay is not in accordance with the general feeling of mankind."

America Under Fire

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (July, '27)

George E. G. Catlin

IN the course of the past ten years the United States has sprung from the position of a debtor to that of the leading creditor nation. More international business may be done on the London exchange, but the financial capital for the funding of long-period loans is Wall, not Lombard Street. This wealth has stirred up certain feelings abroad which require no very recondite explanation. Were it true that the cancellation of European debts would either make for the peace of Europe or not still further humiliate her pride, the pecuniary loss to America would be clear national gain. But the abuse to which the United States has been exposed from the less responsible critics has not been so naive as to be directed against her wealth. Mortified pride has adopted the subtler ruse of fastening upon her character and civilization for criticism. Jealousy of America as wealthy has been politely converted into a professed contempt for wealth as American.

True, some of the critics are chiefly qualified for their task by their quite exhaustive lack of acquaintance with their subject, but ignorance of the facts has never yet deterred a man who wished to express not reason but spleen. American civilization, however, is sufficiently new and distinctive to render even its critics interesting. And what it is which is distinctive may be more apparent to a visitor such as the writer, who leaves America after four years' residence, than to the American citizen.

The center of civilization has hitherto been regarded by Europeans as Europe. All that mattered to the thought of the world had its origin in ancient Greece. Asia was a land with a meaningless

history which had never spelled progress. On the other hand, America was a land of mushroom peoples without a history. Only the European peninsula mattered, and especially its western extremities. Many Europeans, and not least the loudest critics of America, have not yet outgrown this provincial outlook.

But perspectives change. The hemispheres have reasserted themselves against the peninsula. Europe is in danger of becoming only the museum for the West, and a convenient technical night-school for the East. The United States is a half-continent; and the various states of Europe are together another half-continent. The counterpart of an American is not a Frenchman or an Italian, but a European; and the population of America is not to be accounted heterogeneous as compared with France but homogeneous as compared with the national animosities of Europe.

What strikes the eye, as we look at the map today, is not Poland or France, but China, India, the British Commonwealth, the United States, Brazil, and Russia. As the world's population increases, it is with these countries that the future of the world lies. We are at the Continental Divide of History; we are witnessing not only the passing of Bourbon and Hohenzollern, but also the military and economic passing of Europe.

These changes are not unnaturally resented by many, and resentment takes many ignoble forms. One result is a literature of spite. To an Englishman, such as the writer, this not only provides amusement but is peculiarly remarkable, since the American branch of the English-speaking world seems likely to fall heir to that reputation of being the "best hated nation in Europe" which

the English have long enjoyed—and for precisely the same reason. The English milord, distributing his largess while journeying, was received with obsequiousness and contempt. The members of "the mad nation" were wealthy, but culture was not to be expected of a nation of shopkeepers.

It is unfortunate that certain Englishmen have joined in what has become a street gamin campaign of international bad manners. A recent book is marked neither by wit, lightness, nor manners. The author's abuse of America would be of no significance (since the writer has the effrontery to explain, when he starts to stir up international ill-feeling, that he has never been to America) had it not received an attention from reviewers in this country quite out of proportion to the trifling notice it received in England. The Dickensian age of boosting, which still lasts on in the West, has given way to an age of literary self-criticism and depreciation. The periodical publishers clamor for "articles critical of American life." The reviewers seem nervous lest it be true that material prosperity and genuine culture are things inconsistent.

What is, then, this hybrid American civilization about which there are such searchings of heart? For a decade America has been a predominantly urban country. But what distinguishes even rural America from rural Europe is that it is a land of the locomotive and the gasoline station, not of the horse and the village pump. American civilization, both urban and rural, is a civilization of machines. In this it is new, and by this it must be judged.

The American, let it be admitted, does not know how to live with the calm Horatian enjoyment of life. He does not know how to spend the leisured hours with the grace of a Russian count or the dignity of a dusky rajah. The average city-dwelling American is caught in the mechanism of his own civilization, too engrossed in it to have time for the self-conscious delights of a cultivated egotism. Hence the "extrovertedness," the conversational embarrassment, the relief found in an easy rotarian good-fellowship, the worship of efficiency, and

the respect for the captain of industry and other human dynamos which characterizes much of American life. This expansiveness, energy, and absorption in external affairs is easily misunderstood. Every great age of renaissance has been an age not so much of scholastic exactitude as of bubbling suggestions, and experiments. The spirit of the new civilization of America is not to be apologized for as "materialism" because of the crudities of some of its exponents. The point which even Americans fail to recognize is that there happens to have come into the modern world a new type of civilization, which requires of the men who adapt themselves to it a new outlook, new ideals, a new mind.

To denounce American civilization is to denounce not a country but a way of life. Here is a civilization no longer concerned with its soul or its sins, or the life temporally hereafter or spatially yonder, or dwelling upon the pathetic mysteries of life. The plain business man finds a sufficient creed in making a good job of the business in hand, and by this creed he has come to live. Unconsciously he goes back to the ancient belief that the chief test of virtue is excellent workmanship, although he scarcely admits so much to himself. He is concerned with the efficient performance of the job, and not with acting in conformity with the ideal of the best possible society which he does not know. Were he not so engrossed in business, were he not content to be an intelligent co-operator, this vast social machinery of a swift-moving civilization would halt, jam and break to pieces. It is the civilization of man as a worker.

That critic is dull who supposes that such a civilization lacks, in the genuine sense, idealism or requires an apology. It supremely is a rational civilization, born not of the bondage of man to matter, but a fruit of his own intellect. Were he to ascend into a high place and view the civilizations of mankind stretching to the end of time, an American, we suspect, might return more inclined to expend his energies upon Americanizing America than upon troubling his soul about the witticisms of European critics.

My Friend Kakoot

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (September, '27)

Captain Thierry Mallet, President, Revillon Freres

MY friend Kakoot has three wives. He lives with all three in perfect peace and happiness, close to the Arctic Circle.

Kakoot is a full-blooded Eskimo. His age, I should judge, is about 45—all the light he personally can shed on this point is that the exact spot of his birth is in a hollow between two rocky hills on the shores of Angikuni Lake. He is about five feet six and nearly as broad as high, with a dark sunburned face, tremendous cheek bones, and a little straggling moustache. His teeth seem to have been filed down to the very edge of the gums. That comes of cracking too many reindeer bones for the marrow. He is the chief of the thirty-odd families which form the entire population of that part of the Barren Lands. Like the other natives, he lives entirely on the herds of wild caribou, but his travels sometimes take him as far south as the trees to get a small outfit of goods.

From all accounts he drives a hard bargain, and is not overscrupulous as regards prices and qualities. His igloo and topek contain priceless treasures—a brass-bound trunk, an old phonograph, three guns, some carpenter's tools, and, last but not least, white men's clothes for summer wear, including a pair of rubber boots.

And then, of course, there are his three wives, expensive even near the Arctic Circle. His wife number one is about his age. He married her when he was very young. Her children now have families of their own. Her appearance is very slovenly, reminding one of a middle-aged gypsy. But she rules the household with a rod of iron and superintends the storing of the food and the everlasting search for dry willow twigs for the fire. Wife number two is about 30, and her children still play about the camp, but can look out for themselves.

Her sole duty is to accompany Kakoot wherever he goes, hunting or traveling, and tend his camp and his dogs. Outside of that she seems to do nothing but sit smoking her own or somebody else's pipe, and spit thoughtfully into the fire.

Wife number three is barely 20. Her sole duty is to bear Kakoot children. She must always look beautiful. So she is covered with ornaments. When I saw her she was wearing a brand-new two-piece suit of reindeer hide, tanned nearly white. Her trousers were tucked in high deerskin boots with red flannel laces. The edge of her long swallowtail coat was trimmed with wolverine fur and a row of empty cartridge shells. In the center of her wide "stomacher" of multicolored beadwork hung a large bright ornament which I recognized as one of my spoon baits, given to Kakoot the summer before. Her braided hair hung in two fat sausages beside her cheeks, and each of her fingers supported several broad copper rings.

Yes, she looked beautiful, and knew it, too. She posed for her photograph readily, but insisted on raising both her hands, palms forward, to each side of her face. She did not want her rings left out! Kakoot was very proud of her,—secretly, of course. He had paid ten white foxes, a secondhand canoe, a new rifle, and ten boxes of ammunition for her. A tremendous price!

When I reached Kakoot's camp last June I noticed that the Kakoots had finished their yearly spring cleaning. This consists of removing one's self and all one's belongings a few hundred yards up-stream or downstream. When 20 people with at least as many dogs have wintered on the same spot for about six or seven months, eating, roughly speaking, 500 reindeer and goodness knows how many fish, throwing the discard each day around the igloos in the deep

snow—when that snow melts in the spring, the sooner one leaves that place, the better!

Expecting me, everyone was on the bank to shake hands—the three wives, the children, and a few orphans, for Kakoot has a kind heart, and dearly loves a large retinue. Kakoot himself, however, was sitting on his trunk in his own topek, waiting to welcome me as my host. He showed his excitement by streams of perspiration which ran down his face and disappeared down his neck.

The next day we proceeded on our way north, Kakoot sitting beside me and acting as pilot. My two Indians and myself were somewhat ragged after our seven weeks' travel to reach that spot. Everything Kakoot wore was new. His sleeping robe was a neat waterproof bag, which also contained several pairs of moccasins, and a large package of raw reindeer tongues. Of these he would eat one or two occasionally, between meals, peeling them carefully with a clasp knife until they looked exactly like large pink bananas.

Kakoot plainly considered my two men his inferiors, though he was quite amiable toward them. He was quite oblivious of the fact that my two Crees, true to their race, thought him only once removed from a wild savage. He cheerfully did his share of the work. His manner to me was of a host showing his guest his house and lands. Every mile or so he would point out a caribou trail, a river crossing, a hill, a mound of rocks marking a grave. It happened that we came upon one made out of such huge boulders that the body was in a kind of coffin. There were a few cracks between the stones, and Kakoot was delighted when he found one through which he could plainly see the gleaming white skeleton.

Discovering that I had a notebook he would borrow it and draw maps of the surrounding country. He would add information by little crude drawings on the side—reindeer, musk ox, willows, fish. After a short time I could understand them perfectly. The only thing he could not do was to decrease the scale of his map. He was used to a certain scale, and when he had to draw 200

miles he needed sheets and sheets of paper, which was very expensive.

Although Kakoot shared our meals and ate enormously, he thought that we spoiled fresh meat by overcooking it. Like all inland Eskimos, he was accustomed to frozen meat in winter, and "Lukewarm meat" in summer. He liked eggs, and knew every island where ducks laid in large quantities. Dividing those we had collected was made easy by the fact that we wanted only fresh ones, while he preferred the other kind. We put them in a kettle of water, and Kakoot took for his share all that floated. He invariably ate his raw. Of course, when I first saw him break the shell, and swallow the contents as we would an oyster, I should have preferred to be elsewhere. But one gets used to such things.

The most remarkable achievement of Kakoot was the way he carried on a running conversation with me, considering that I can remember only about 12 words of Eskimo, and he does not know more than 30 words of English, invariably pronounced with a Husky ending. George was "Joss"; willow "willok"; rifle "reeflek"; but one caught on. He always spoke of his offspring as "me baby" (some were grown to manhood), and of his father, dead by now, as "me old buck." In this way he related the story of an Eskimo who shot a lone reindeer, cached the carcass, and was plodding home when a wolf in the neighborhood, lamed by a trap and unable to catch game, took up his trail and madly leaped on the hunter. The man tripped, fell, and after an awful struggle, remained with the wolf at his throat. The whole tragedy was seen by another Eskimo on a distant hill with a telescope. In telling the story Kakoot finally rolled on the ground in a frenzy, first with the savage growls of a wolf, then with the heart-rending cries of the man.

Our trip over, I left him at his camp, munching one of his raw caribou tongues—the first thing he asked for of number one wife. He was plainly moved at the idea of farewell; and when I shouted to him "Good luck to you, my friend Kakoot," I am certain that he understood.

Tear Down Some Churches

Condensed from *The Woman's Home Companion* (September, '27)

Frederick L. Collins

METHODISTS and Baptists and Congregationalists are not competing in Asia for the yellow man's soul, or in Africa for the black man's. They have parceled the region out among their workers so that each man can cover the widest possible field. They have recognized the principle that competition, though it may be the life of trade, is the death of religion.

The home-mission societies, on the other hand, have diverted a substantial portion of their energies and their funds into the great national pastime of competition among themselves. At frontier points they still follow the sensible practice of their brethren in foreign lands; and in the big cities they still devote a fair proportion of their funds to humanitarian relief. But in rural America their first aim seems to be their own glory rather than the glory of God.

In 25 counties one church in every five was found to be subsidized. Only 34 of the 211 aided churches were free from competition with other churches. In three cases out of four, churches of almost identical views were competing with each other. In more than half of the cases aided church competed with aided church!

"In general [quotations in this article are the words of the experts who completed the survey] the aided churches that face the stiffest competition are most energetically promoted. Non-competitive fields are apt to be comparatively neglected. . . . Most of the home-mission aid which is now granted could be withdrawn without any danger of leaving communities with inadequate facilities. . . . Of the 211 aided churches, 149 might be dispensed with to the general advantage of the religious life in these

communities and to the greater glory of God."

The agent of the home-mission society, appealing for funds, draws a pitiful picture of churchless communities; and he persuades the city Christian to give generously. And there is truth in his picture. One seventh of the rural communities in the United States are without normal facilities for religious worship. But this one seventh is conspicuously avoided by the home-mission boards. "The non-competitive fields are apt to be comparatively avoided."

Christians who live in great cities do not realize that whereas there are ten times as many churches for every thousand people in the rural districts of the United States as there are in New York City, only 16½ percent of these country districts receive the benefits of a full-time resident pastor. Three-quarters of these country ministers are trying to support families on less than \$25 a week. Two thirds of them are trying to spread themselves over from two to ten parishes.

It is sadly true that the average country minister doesn't stay long enough on the job to become acquainted with one parish—say nothing of six or eight or ten. They are not pastors. They are seldom on hand even for the funerals of their flocks.

"Every strikingly successful country church is found to be deeply concerned with the needs of the community and in carrying out a comprehensive program of service." These things are not possible with a religious leader who is here today and there tomorrow. The circuit system is favored by the denominational societies because it makes possible the establishment of denom-

inational churches almost anywhere; but it does not make possible Christian service.

"Recently," writes Charles J. Galpin, Chief of the Division of Rural Life in the Department of Agriculture, "in a crossroads country church a minister of the gospel, underpaid, somewhat shabby, but eager and inspired, a man with a message to give, stood before his congregation. The flame of inspiration in his haggard young face flickered and died as he counted his handful of hearers—six. Through the windows of the little church he could see three other meeting houses—four country churches of four Christian denominations, almost identical in doctrine, there within two stone's throws of one another. In three of these churches he knew that the members of the congregations might be counted on the fingers of each pastor's two hands. The third church was closed that day; its flock could afford only an occasional shepherd."

In this particular instance all four of these churches were the "direct result of the injection of home-mission money into the community." There weren't enough church-goers in the four churches to form more than one congregation. There weren't enough dollars to support more than one minister. And yet, owing to the insistence of outside denominational bodies, there were *four*—a pitifully ineffective four.

Of this situation, a minister said: "The spiritual rivalry set in motion by well-meaning home-mission boards and zealous and jealous denominations is undermining the present and the future of the country church by ignoring the law of supply and demand."

Whichever way we turn we are met by irrefutable evidence of the devastation wrought by this silly denominational war. We are faced by the inevitable conclusion that *we must tear down the unwanted, useless, unproductive church, and we must devote the money and energy thus saved to the strengthening of wanted, useful and productive churches.*

The Home Mission Council of one denomination, in an unusually enlight-

ened report, once said: "Rural Christians show little care for denominationalism. What they want is someone to present Bible facts acceptably. They are not half so interested in isms or ologies as they are in facilities for their children . . . The money now expended on unproductive churches would purchase real vitality for essential churches throughout America."

We can have a nation of self-supporting, self-respecting, fully pastored and effectively operated churches. The thing can be done. It has been done. I have in mind a township of 700 souls. For years this township struggled under conditions similar to those which weighted down the young minister at the crossroads. Three subsidized churches split an average Sunday morning attendance of 40 to 50 people. They also split an average annual collection of about \$600.

Today a federated church has replaced the three competing denominational bodies. Each constituent ecclesiastical body has kept its own identity. Each church organization meets its obligations to its denomination in all matters outside the community. But all three unite in local administration. All three contribute to the support of a resident non-sectarian pastor.

People who never thought of going to the three unpastored subsidized churches have become regular attendants at the newly organized community church. Non-church-goers have contributed generously to what they rightly consider a community enterprise. The first year \$1500 was raised for God's work. The second year the neighboring township, seeing the triumph of common sense and brotherly love over prejudice and hate, decided to do likewise.

There are now two strong churches in these two communities instead of several futile ones. There are two well-educated, public-spirited, resident ministers where there had been no regular minister at all.

Where there was mockery there is exaltation. Where there was death there is life!

The New Harvest Hand

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (September, '27)

Henry J. Allen, ex-Governor of Kansas

NO mechanical advancement has ever wrought a revolution so nearly complete in any agricultural region as has the "combine" in the western wheat fields. This new wonder of farm machinery not only cuts and gathers the wheat as it moves across the field, but threshes it as well.

The suddenness with which it has accomplished its marvel of change is incredible. Less than four years ago the wheat farmer was dependent wholly upon the peregrinetic harvest hands. They were a picturesque lot. Laughing and erap-shooting, drinking and fighting, they were at once the terror and the relief of the farmer who drove to town and bargained with them far into the night. Sometimes he had to outbid his desperate neighbor, playing into the hands of a crude and temporary labor combine; and driving home finally to dump upon the limited capacity of his household as wild and undependable and overpaid a labor supply as had ever bedeviled an industry.

The harvest hands have now gone to join the buffalo hunters, the cowboys, the herds of wild horses. The housewives of the wheat farmers, who formerly looked forward with dread to harvest as a period of drudgery, which preceded even a severer period of it during the threshing days, have seen the combine completely lifting their load.

Recently, on a country highway, I met two farm women in a Ford, on their way to take the midday meal in hot containers to the harvest hands who were cutting a section of wheat.

In the olden days, it would have taken two crews of about eight men each employed in that section for two weeks. Then when it came time to thresh the grain, there would have been a group of from six to ten men, depending upon whether the grain was stacked or threshed from the shocks. There would have been horse-drawn wagons to haul the grain to the bins or to the elevators, and the harvest period beginning in June would have been extended into the threshing period until late in the fall. It meant extra work to house the hands, extra cooking, extra washing.

These two women were taking food in their motor-car to only three men. One was driving the tractor which pulls the combine harvester and thresher. The second man was watching the combine. The third man was operating a hauling truck which took the wheat from the combine to the elevator. Thus the farmer with one extra man to help him would cut 45 acres a day and thresh it in the same operation. The other extra man would haul it to the elevator. Harvesting and threshing would be all over in the next 15 or 20 days, and the women of the household would need to provide for only two extra men

A CONVENIENT COUPON FOR
NEW SUBSCRIBERS

(See Over)

A farmer in Ford County who has kept books has given the comparative results in the harvesting and threshing of 680 acres of wheat with a combine, and with the old header methods. Under the latter method, including labor, extra women to help in the house, groceries, and grain for the horses, it cost \$1991 for harvesting and threshing. With a combine, including labor, gas and oil, and groceries, the cost was \$240—a saving of \$1751 for harvesting and threshing the same acreage with the same yield.

"The combine", the farmer told me, "when carefully adjusted, will thresh clean and will save from two to three bushels per acre over the old process of cutting with the header. If the weather is windy, there is considerable wheat blown off the barges when operating with the header. In unloading the wheat at the stack there is always a waste, and the wheat accumulating around the stacks is wasted by continual driving over it. If the stacks are not well constructed, very often wheat is spoiled in the stack in rainy weather. A combine, with good care, should last at least six years. It will nearly pay for itself in one year of ordinary harvest on an acreage like ours."

Prof. W. E. Grimes of the Kansas Agricultural College said to me: "The usual combine costs \$1500 to \$1600. Many farmers save this in one crop. It is estimated that there are 13,000 combines in use in Kansas alone. One result is that farmers need less credit for harvest than formerly. The farmer can now combine a few loads of wheat, take them to the elevator and sell them, and have funds to pay his harvest bills. It has affected the farm family by reducing the number of farm hands to

be boarded during harvest. This has reduced the grocery bill, and the credit sales at harvest time.

"With the coming of the combine, more farmers are preparing the seed bed for the succeeding wheat crop at an earlier date. This is a decided advantage in the control of the Hessian fly and the preparation of a seed bed that will result in the maximum yields."

A banker made this comment: "Of course the combine creates a problem for the smaller farmer who is unable to shift to the newer type of equipment. He finds it difficult to compete with the farmer who, with a combine, can harvest and thresh for at least one-half what it costs him. This hardship, however, will gradually be solved by the growing number of men who, after their own harvests are over, will use their combines for custom work, and who can serve their neighbors at a price profitable both to themselves and their neighbors."

Out of the earlier movement of wheat has come a new problem in storage. This is being met by an increasing number of bins and of increased elevator capacity in all the grain-gathering centers. The impossibility of selling the wheat as rapidly as it is taken from the harvest field will force the establishment of an economic system that should have been established long before: the addition of wheat bins on the farm and other storage capacity. It will make possible an orderly process of marketing. Much of the wheat now glutting the early markets does not come from financial necessity of the farmer to sell it. It comes from his lack of capacity to store it. The new arrangement forces new storage, and out of the saving he makes in harvesting and threshing he can well afford to build his storage.

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DR. WILL DURANT (p. 321), one of the best known scholars of today, was born in North Adams, Mass., 41 years ago. Besides being an author, Dr. Durant is director of Labor Temple School, of New York, and is a lecturer of great popularity. His *Story of Philosophy* has had one of the most sensational sales records ever made by a non-fiction book.

P. W. WILSON (p. 325), author, editor, and newspaper correspondent, now resident in the United States, was for several years a Liberal member of the British Parliament.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON (p. 327) was for a time on the staffs of the New York Tribune and the New York Sun. He is the author of a dozen or more books.

FORD MADDOX FORD (p. 329) is the distinguished English novelist who wrote *Some Do Not, No More Parades*, and *A Man Who Could Stand Up*.

ED HOWE (p. 333) is the widely known Kansas editor and author.

RAYMOND FULLER (p. 335) is the author of *Child Labor* and *the Constitution*.

ROBERT DOLLAR (p. 337) is head of the steamship company that bears his name.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON (p. 341) is research associate of Yale University; author of *The Character of Races*, *West of the Pacific*, etc.

JOHN CURNOS (p. 345), after a Russian childhood and a literary beginning in London, now dwells in New Haven. He is especially interested in the art of the short story and has assisted Edward J. O'Brien in his annual selection.

WALTER LIPPMANN (p. 347), formerly with *The New Republic*, is now in charge of the editorial page of the *New York World*.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS (p. 349) is the distinguished English novelist and author.

WELFORD BEATON (p. 353) has had long experience in journalism, and is now the editor and publisher of the *Film Spectator*.

JOHN T. FLYNN (p. 363) was managing editor of the *New York Globe* before its extinction by the late Mr. Munsey.

REV. CHARLES STELZLE (p. 367) is a sociologist and an ordained Presbyterian clergyman with wide experience in church work. He is the author of several books, including *A Son of the Bowery*, his autobiography.

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY (p. 375), after filling editorial and advertising positions in the book world for five years, has recently turned to magazine writing.

FRANK SWINNERTON (p. 369), English novelist and lecturer, is the author of *Summer Storm*, *Nocturne*, *Shops and Houses*, and *September*.

SILAS BENT (p. 373) occupied a chair in the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. Later he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. In 1920 he became associate editor of *The Nation's Business*, resigning two years later to become a free-lance.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN (p. 377) has been assistant professor of politics at Cornell since 1924; but he is the son of an English clergyman, was Exhibitioner in Modern History at New College, Oxford, in 1914, and served as lecturer in history at Sheffield University, England, from 1920 to 1924. He is the author of several books.

FREDERICK J. COLLINS (p. 381) is a journalist and author.

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